THE

LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

October, 1803.

LADY RUSSELL.

[With an elegant Portrait.]

LADY RACHEL RUSSELL was the daughter of Thomas Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, commonly called the *Virtuous;* and grand-daughter of Henry, whose name descends to posterity coupled with that of Shakespeare, as the nobleman who presented him with a thousand pounds at one time, to aid him in compleating a purchase; a prodigious sum in those days! and perhaps nearly equal to ten thousand now. Thus she might be said to have been heiress to taste, virtue, literature, and liberality, as well as high rank. She was born about 1637, and was first married to Francis Lord Vaughan, whose widow she was, when, at the age of thirty-two, she was married to the illustrious William, Lord Russell, (eldest son of the Earl of Bedford,) beheaded in Charles the Second's time. By this marriage she had one son, and two daughters, through whom she became a common ancestor to the three ducal houses of Bedford, Devonshire, and Rutland. Her behaviour on her husband's trial, and at his execution, and her letters, have made her name famous through the world, and ranked her high among the FEMALE worthies. Lord Russell having asked leave on his trial, that notes might be taken for his use, by some other hand than his own, the attorney-general, to prevent his obtaining the aid of counsel, told him, he might use the hand of a servant. "I

ask none," said the prisoner, "but that of the lady who sits beside me." When the spectators, at these words, turned their eyes, and beheld the daughter of the *virtuous* Southampton rising up to assist her lord in this utmost distress, a thrill of anguish ran through the whole assembly.

Lord Russell was beheaded July the 21st, 1683, when his lady was about forty-six. As she had promised him to devote her life to the care of his children, she was religiously mindful to perform that promise, and continued his widow to the end of her life, surviving him above forty years, and died the 29th of September, 1723, in the eighty-seventh year of her age.

THE RECLUSE.

[Continued from Page 363, Vol. X.]

A GOOD MAN.

WHEN I behold a man in the pursuit of any object, sinking under the burthen of doubt and despair, summoning up various difficulties and obstacles, unworthy of being suggested by a rational being, I cannot forbear reproaching him for his cowardice, and want of firmness of mind.

How wretched should we render our existence, were we to be dismayed by the appearance of those calamities which every man, in his turn, must unavoidably encounter! How should we be able to arrive at the summit of any perfection, were we to suffer our understandings to be worked upon by fears which receive sanction from irresolution alone!

The man who would wish to render himself illustrious, must turn his eyes inward, and then judge whether he possesses the requisites essential to such an enterprize. He must first consider well, whether he has fortitude

fortitude and perseverance sufficient to acquire a name; and, secondly, whether he has wisdom to preserve that name when obtained. He must hold pride as the worm he treads upon; and humanity he must regard as his idol. He must look on misfortunes as casualties; and deem nothing a calamity, that does not threaten his virtue.

Such a man is Honestus. The afflictions which an ungrateful world has heaped upon him through life, are innumerable. In the days of his prosperity, hypocrites, under the garb of friendship, insinuated themselves into his good opinion; then played upon his generous credulity, and nourished themselves at the expence of his prodigality: But now, that his wide benevolence has reduced him to poverty, and, compelled by deceit, he has been constrained to take up his abode in an humble hut, they will not assist him, or even deign to acknowledge former acquaintance. Instead of execrating these ingrates as the authors of his misfortunes, Honestus now blesses them for opening his eyes, and teaching him how little he should confide in mortal friendship. He considers this world as a turnpike gate on the road to immortality, which every one, ere he pass, must pay according to the manner in which he travels. On these grounds, he permits no earthly care to vex or trouble him: sickness he considers as a thing not at the disposal of his own will; and therefore, when he is afflicted by it, he suffers with manly fortitude: and when he is well, he boasts not of his health, but seeks to render it a benefit to his family.

Some months ago, Providence bereft him of a wife, who had been a partner with him in all his sorrows. At first his grief was heavy; but when he remembered that the only circumstance which renders this life of value, is the hope of the next, he received consolation to his bosom. His manifold sufferings had taught him to regard sublunary existence as a bondage, in which we sustain the numberless attacks of adversity

incident to human nature: they are countless and severe; but being buoyed up with the prospect of obtaining everlasting happiness, the ills of life vanish into air.

Such calm resignation to the decrees of heaven, and the serene eye with which Honestus looks upon his own calamities, would be sufficient to make his situation enviable, had he no other qualities to recommend him; but the balm he pours into the souls of the unfortunate, greatly adds to the lustre of his character, and actuates his favoured listeners to emulation.

His abode not being distant from town, I visit him once a fortnight, to reap the benefits of his example: Indeed, I owe him much; and from the benign influence of his wisdom and piety, I date most of my present tranquillity of mind.

How well do I remember the close of our last conversation!—"It is impossible," observed he, "for a man who murmurs at his mischances, to be of any religion; for he must consider his difficulties imposed upon him as trials; and no man can fervently adore a Being, of whose justice he has not a good opinion. With this conviction, how cautious should we be of exclaiming against Providence! especially since we generally find, that that which gives our minds disquiet, and makes our lives miserable, is not the nature of things as they really are, but the opinions which we form to ourselves concerning them.

(To be continued.)

ON DISCERNMENT.

DISCERNMENT is a power of the understanding in which few excel. Is not that owing to its connection with impartiality and truth? for are not prejudice and partiality blind?

OLD

OLD WOMAN.

NO. LXII.

[Continued from page 149.]

———In native freedom brave,
The meanest Briton spurns the highest slave.
ADDISON.

THEY who separate religion from morals, and private from public duties, weaken the basis on which they are reciprocally reared. To think justly, is at all times essential to acting rightly; but sentiment should always be united to practice: the former is the promising blossom, the latter is the delicious fruit, of the human heart.

In the endearing characters of daughter, wife, and mother, numerous are the duties which females have to perform; and in ordinary times, the faithful discharge of the relative duties ought to limit the sphere of their activity; but when the general happiness is at stake, the very independence of the country menaced, and all that is dear in domestic life exposed to danger, even the weaker sex should be inspired with a resolution corresponding to the situation in which they are placed; and if they cannot act the heroines themselves, they should communicate ardour to their sons, their husbands, and their fathers.

The influence of women, in all ages, has been allowed to be supreme; and frequently has their patriotism saved the nation that produced them. Timidity is not an irrefragable proof of delicacy; nor is strength and energy of mind incompatible with the softest and mildest virtues of the heart. It is impossible that a woman can love her nearest connections, without loving her country also; and loyalty to the King will be the best test of her dutiful submission to the will of a husband.

Deeply impressed with a sense of the services which my sex may at this crisis render to the community, I would call upon them to exert all their fascinating eloquence, and ingenious, though innocent, arts, to confirm the spirit which now pervades all ranks, and to encourage the zeal which alone can save themselves, and all they value, from every species of insult and depredation. Beauty can never plead in vain; nor will the manly bosom resist the appeal that is made to its protection. Parents, husbands, brothers, and lovers, will listen to the voice that implores their aid; and the female patriot, with the persuasive arms with which nature has assisted her, will be able to direct the strength which must hurl destruction on the foe.

History is replete with instances of female magnanimity in the hour of danger and distress; and it would be criminal to doubt, but that its recording pages will, to the end of time, furnish new proofs of courage and resolution, both on public and private occasions. The Spartan ladies, when their sons entered the lists of war, gave them a shield, with the short but impressive advice, "Either bring this back, or be brought upon it." As mothers, they unquestionably felt the dangers to which their offspring were about to be exposed; but they preferred death to ignominy; and would rather receive the corpse of the brave, than see the face of a coward. These sentiments, when they spring from the heart, must render the people which is actuated by them unconquerable, and at the same time inspire that heroism, which is the firmest security against hostile aggression, or personal insult.

If mothers have it in their power to contribute so essentially to the welfare of the state, what may not be expected from youth and beauty, linked to partial love? Will the admirer be deaf to those remonstrances which are sufficient to rouse the indifferent? Will affection shrink from any duty recommended by the object on which it is placed? No quality more endears a man to a woman than bravery. "None but the

the brave deserve the fair;" and none have a stronger or warmer advocate in the female heart. Women, sensible of their unprotected state, naturally fly to him who appears qualified to defend them; and losing their fears in the arms of courage, mutually give and receive the quality they admire.

I would, therefore, recommend to every young lady who is addressed on the subject of love, to imitate the example of a female of rank, beauty, and fortune, who shone the object of general admiration at a former period, when this island was threatened with invasion. She is now no more; but the subsequent lines, which have never yet been printed, written on her lover's urging her to marry him, being so strictly applicable to the times in which we live, cannot be read without producing good effects.

THE STIPULATION.

Awhile, fond Damon! pri'thee tarry,
Nor woo me to thy eager arms.
O think'st thou this a time to marry,
When all the nation's in alarms?

In holy wedlock shall we join,
Our land when wild Invasion braves?
Or would'st thou wish to have me thine,
To propagate a race of slaves?

No—furbish up thy armour bright,
And let me first thy valour see!
Who for his country dares not fight,
I fear will never stand by me.

Then buckle on thy trusty sword;
And when our vanquish'd foes are fled,
I plight thee now my faithful word,
To take thee to my Virgin bed.

The arguments of patriotism prevailed; and when the storm of danger blew over, as it is to be hoped it will soon do in the present instance, the pledge was faithfully kept. In an accomplished and amiable woman, her lover found a lasting reward for the temporary suspension of his wishes and his hopes; and they both

both lived to an advanced age, endeared to each other by a long catalogue of virtues, and respectable in the eyes of all who knew them, for loyalty and public spirit.

In a word, so fully am I convinced of the influence of female charms, and female virtues, that if the ladies will be unanimous in rejecting the advances of every man who is capable of bearing arms, and declines the service of his king and country, no enemies, however numerous, no tyrant, however resolute and implacable, can possibly make any impression on our native Isle.

Fortunately, duty and affection seem to go hand in hand; and few are so lost to generous sensations, as to require any additional stimulus. Yet it may be advisable to keep alive the flame of courage by the smiles of beauty, and to evince, by every action, that the rewards of love will only be paid to martial desert, combined with personal worth. The Antigallican* spirit cannot be roused to too high a pitch, nor kept at too great an elevation, while insolence continues its threats, or remains unchastised. The common disturber of Europe, let us hope, will not long be able to continue his ambitious projects; and that the glory of curbing him will be reserved for this country alone.

If Britain's Sons be worthy of their name,
If lib'ral laws with lib'ral hearts they prize,
Let them from conquest, and from servile shame,
In War's glad school their own protectors rise.
Ye chiefly, heirs of Albion's cultur'd plains!
Ye leaders of her bold and faithful swains!
Now not unequal to your birth be found;
The public voice bids arm your rural state,
Paternal hamlets for your ensigns wait,
And grange and fold prepare to pour their youth around.

AKENSIDE.

* To our fair readers we beg leave, at this important crisis, to recommend a weekly publication, entitled the ANTIGALLICAN, as being excellently adapted to fan the flame of generous indignation against the Corsican Usurper of France, and the insolent menacer of Briton.

THRIFT AND LUXURY.

(Continued from Page 153)

IN my last it was remarked, that I had not vanity enough to think of stemming the torrent of luxury; or, I may add, folly enough to attempt it: It is its *excess*, or profusion extending beyond what contributes to enjoyment, to which I would solicit a moment's attention from my sex, in hope of awakening reflection to the miseries brought upon the poor, without benefit arising to themselves.

In the thrifty days of Sir John, already mentioned, his good lady either transacted immediately with the butcher, baker, draper, and other tradesmen who served the family, or, in cases where she did not chuse to appear in her own person, through the medium of a housekeeper of the right stamp, all whose transactions and accounts were carefully inspected by the lady herself. Now, by this management and frugal attention, the various venders and artificers were kept in their proper place, and that truly useful competition of each tradesman endeavouring to please, by furnishing either better articles, or on lower terms, was kept up. The balance in a state can only be preserved, when the buyers and the sellers throw their weight into the opposite scale. The latter, in no line whatever, considered as a body, will part with their goods at general loss, or commit *felo de se* on their own profession, and therefore cannot be injured by the purchaser's caution, in making the best bargain he can, or trying who will serve him best: And as almost every man combines both characters in his own person, it is a curious and amusing subject of speculation, what innumerable links connect society together, and cement it by firm bonds of union.

But the lavish profusion, or *wantonness* of expence, of the present times, has dissolved the fitly-framed building, and causes it to totter to its foundation, over-

overwhelming the resistless poor in inextricable wretchedness. The venders may be said to preserve their ancient character, and maintain, with pertinacity, their own side in the scales; but the spirit of profusion has made it unfashionable, and of course disgraceful, for purchasers *to haggle*, as the phrase is; i. e. to drive a bargain, cheapen goods, or attempt to reduce the charges in a bill: this is altogether unworthy the attention of the choice spirits which wallow in wealth, and wanton in luxury. The dealer of every kind, accustomed to see his price immediately tendered, or to place it to an account that he knows will never be investigated, turns contemptuously away, without deigning a reply to the old fashioned customer, who accosts him in the ancient language of bargain and sale.

If, perchance, you meet with a civiller brute, (for there are shades of character in every species,) who will condescend to render a reason, he will tell you plainly, "That you cannot expect he should take *seven shillings* of you for a fowl or joint, when the first lady, or even servant of a lady, who shall come to his shop, and want it, will throw down nine, ten, or twelve shillings, which ever he may chance to name, without remark or reply." Certainly not. The seller is not to be blamed; he acts the part tradesmen always have done, and always will do. It is the purchaser who is culpable, in deserting the common cause of the public; who, agreeable to the metaphor used above, instead of maintaining the balance, by taking his place in the opposite scale, throws weight into that of his opponent, and leaves his own to kick the beam.

It is scarcely treating the sagacity of my reader with due respect, to remark the effect which necessarily follows this thoughtless profusion. The butcher, instead of making good his side against the grazier, that he may be enabled to serve his customers on the lowest terms, pays the exorbitant price demanded as soon as named: the grazier, in his turn, to the farmer; and

and he, on his part, has no motive to restrain him from giving, or even offering rents, beyond what the most greedy landlord would dare to demand.

You see then, my fair readers, how much the calamities of the poor, the tears of helpless children crying for bread, the heart-rending sighs of mothers who have none to give them, are attributable to you, wantonly and *thoughtlessly* running into expences, from which you derive no benefit, and the poor are made poor indeed. I say thoughtlessly; because I know my sex so well, that I am convinced there are many of you, led by the baneful influence of fashion, to despise the frugal maxims of your mothers, and thus heap misery upon your country, who would yet fly to relieve individual distress, and would even part with your most valued ornaments, to wipe away the tears of orphans, and mitigate a parent's anguish.

The poor man, in the days of good Sir John, was an acceptable customer to the different tradesmen, as far as his money went; because he purchased wares or parts rejected by the rich: but now, he is insulted for his offer, and sent away empty. In this situation, returning to his hungry family, he boils with indignation, and too hastily attributes his present remediless woe to the advances made in rents by the land-owners; to which source he constantly hears it attributed by the monopolizer, who thus seeks to divert public indignation from himself.

In this conclusion, I am persuaded, he does them wrong. They might profit more of the madness of the times. It is the LUXURY, not the *rapacity*, of the wealthy, that has involved the lower classes of the community in their calamities. It is PROFUSION, not *thrift*, which renders the state of society insupportable to the poor, and annihilates the most valuable part of mankind, namely, those whom persevering industry just enables to live in comfort. Part of whom, like the finer parts of smoke, now *ascends* to the place of wealthy and luxurious tradesmen and

farmers, while far the greater portion *sinks* into the dregs of the human race, the helpless dependent poor, who, having no interest in the country, first become discontented, and then its most dangerous enemies.

As a lady, I may be said to have wandered beyond my proper province; but, as a very ancient lady, I may be allowed to have had time to make some observations; and I may safely aver, that I have advanced nothing but what I have seen. At the great inns, I now observe, are to be met in all directions, and familiarly seen, the still lovely, but dissipated, offspring of the grandmothers, whom I knew, the innocent, retired beauties, "The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes," the ornament and glory of the hospitable mansion, where only they could be approached. Happy then was the youth, whose worth gave him access to partake the joyous festivities of the place, and an opportunity to commend himself to parents and daughter, which was then the same thing. The animating motive which called forth in him, a display of all that is graceful and gallant, was the hope of seeing his own days, and hereditary residence, crowned with such a domestic jewel, such a wife, and such a mother, as he saw in the mother of her he adored.

But what worthy or prudent young gentleman shall we now find, who, if he ventures to marry, does not do it in the hope, that his bride will *not* resemble her mother? will not, like her, dissipate his substance, destroy his domestic comfort, endanger his peace, and his honour, at the gaming-table, the watering-place, and the tavern?

W. J.

QUERY FOR THE LADIES.

In what part of life does a woman shine most conspicuous?

Henry.

THE POST-OFFICE SPY.

PACKET VIII.

LORD MONT EDGECOMBE *to* SIR E. MILLTOWN.

Dear Edward, *Leominster.*

MUCH has been advanced on the subject of predestination. Some are strenuous in support of the doctrine, while many, on the other hand, condemn it as absurd, fallacious, and impious. Which are right, I am not casuist enough to determine; but it is very probable, that, if they argue for ages, we shall be still ignorant. It cannot, however, be denied, that the many strange events which occur, seem regulated with more order than mere chance is likely to produce; of which some events that I have lately witnessed, afford a curious proof. Our old friend Griffiths has brought a new wife down to the manor-house. I went, by invitation, to pay my congratulations; the usual price of a handsome dinner, &c. and was much pleased with the manners of the bride. She appears about forty; of a comely aspect, and chearful temper. I have no doubt but she has been handsome. When the ladies were withdrawn, Griffiths put the wine about briskly, grew facetious, and appeared in the best flow of spirits imaginable. Rubbing his hands, and wiping from his cheek a tear of heart-felt joy, he thus addressed me: "Do you know, my Lord, this is the happiest day of my life?" "I doubt it, Mr. Griffiths," said I, smiling. "You have forgot the transports of your first marriage. But look at this fine lad," pointing to his eldest son, "and repeat your words, if you dare." "I can," said Griffiths, taking his son's hand, "and without any disrespect to his mother, who was a lovely maid, a virtuous wife, and an amiable mother. I had a sincere regard for her; she never had cause to doubt it; and while I live, my boy shall never know the want of a father's tenderness."

There was something so affectionate and energetic in his manner of speaking this, that we were all affected, and his son most particularly. Indeed, I was almost sorry for the observation I had so thoughtlessly made, since it rendered the conversation so serious. Griffiths, after a short pause of feeling, proceeded: "To justify myself, if any of you think what I have asserted needs justification, I will relate my little story, if you will grant me patience to hear a simple detail of uninteresting facts." We assured him of our attention, and he continued: "My father was but a poor peasant: he had a large family, for which he hardly knew how to find bread: leeks, thank God, grew plentifully enough behind our hut. I was the eldest boy, and very ambitious. The maids at the Lawyer's house, which stood in the same lane, were very fond of me; they always called me "Pratty Owen," and gave me many nice things from their own table, which I liked much better than the coarse fare I found at home. Through the interest of these good-natured damsels, I was taken notice of by Mr. Pritchard, the Lawyer, who received me into his house as errand boy. Gratitude is, I trust, the characteristic of a Welshman—It was mine—It made me docile and assiduous; so much so, that Mr. Pritchard began to think I had abilities above my situation, which he generously endeavoured to cultivate. The young person who waited on Mrs. Pritchard, had a set of the most lovely features, and a disposition that soon won my affections. I flattered myself with the hope that my regard was returned, which was a further stimulus to my assiduity. The business of the day went chearfully on, in the sweet hope of stealing an evening's walk with Eleanor. Love seemed to inspire me with genius; and I soon excelled in every little accomplishment that she seemed to admire. She was the daughter of a reduced farmer, and had been well educated; which, with the addition of a genuine taste, made her an admirable preceptress for a lad of eighteen. Delightful were the

the moments we spent together; the recollection of them has since afforded me some painful pleasure. Not to tire you with my effusions, our happiness was soon interrupted. Young Pritchard came from Eton School pretty forward, and conceited. He was the darling of his parents, and indulged in every caprice his levity suggested. He was not long at home, before he begun to treat me with unprovoked ill-nature. Jealousy soon whispered the cause to me: I saw that he beheld Eleanor with eyes of admiration, and from that moment he became an object of abhorrence to me. I was by nature too ingenuous to disguise my feelings, and treated him in a manner so different from what he expected, that his rancour knew no bounds. It was about this time I lost my parents: my family was entirely dispersed, and my whole dependance was on Mr. Pritchard's protection; but of that also I was deprived, by the most nefarious malice that ever entered the breast of man. Some papers of value were missing from the office. Mr. Pritchard made strict investigation concerning them: it was not in my power to restore them, though his suspicions seemed to fall on me. Eleanor grew more reserved than usual; and I begun to accuse her of caprice. One evening returning from a neighbouring village, I perceived two persons before me; they were in earnest conversation, and I caught the sound of my own name. It was beautifully moonlight, so that I could not approach near enough to distinguish their features; but I knew the figure of Eleanor too well to be deceived. She stopped frequently, and leaned on his shoulder; then started up, and suffered him to lead her on. At last I heard him say, "There is not a doubt of Griffiths's villainy: however, his room will be searched to day, and then we shall see who is right." Inflamed as I already was with jealousy, this completed my phrenzy. I rushed forward, and with an oaken stick, which I carried, felled him to the ground. "Wretch!" cried I, "what do you mean? Do you not only

wrong me in the most tender point, but seek to blacken my character with the opprobium of a robber! Retract your words, or I will make you an example." He was insensible to all I said; and Eleanor, on the first alarm, running to the house, with dreadful shrieks, soon brought all the domestics around us. Mr. Pritchard demanded an explanation: mine was too incoherent with despair, passion, and terror, to be heard. Eleanor could only say, that Mr. Lawrence met her in the copse, and began to converse with her concerning the papers which were missing; when suddenly some one came behind him, and struck him down; for in the first moment of alarm she had not recognized me. I had no defence to make, but a statement of the facts; but, to my utter consternation, Mr. Pritchard said to me, "Young man, you are in the high road to ruin. Your ingratitude wounds me more than I can express: your guilt is too manifest; and sorry I am to see, that it seems augmenting. The young person you pretend to regard, is too amiable to throw herself away on one devoid of all principle. Your boxes have been opened, the papers found, besides bank notes to a considerable amount, which you must at divers times have pilfered. You know the nature of this transgression; but, in compassion for your youth, and the tenderness I have long felt for you, I will overlook a crime, of which, I fear, you have not yet considered the import. If you escape the charge of murder, I will wash my hands of you." Judge my horror and consternation at these words! Big drops fell from my brow; I prostrated myself on the ground, and protested my innocence in the most energetic terms. Mr. Pritchard was credulous in one extreme, and obstinate in the other: he must either love or hate, and blind affection for his son left no room in his breast for another. I was considered as a thief, and a hypocrite; one whom it was no longer safe to harbour; and dismissed disgracefully. I loitered about the house three days,

days, in the hope of seeing Eleanor. She was confined to her bed very ill. The servants all avoided me as a pestilence: At last, I gained the housemaid to deliver a billet to my beloved girl: the answer I received ran thus:

"I dare not trust myself to see you, even were I permitted. It is hard for me to say so; for, indeed, Griffiths, I did once love you: but I can no longer wish to regard one guilty of so much baseness. Do not write to me any more; the sight of your hand distresses me. I hope I shall not live long; let me die in peace. The family are very good to me; but were I to see you, I should be thought a partaker of your crimes, and we should be banished together; two wretched outcasts, without home, friend, or character. If you had ever any love for me, do not seek to involve me in so much misery. God knows, I forgive all your transgressions against myself: May heaven forgive, and protect you.

"ELEANOR EVANS."

There was a degree of simplicity in this note which strongly affected me; yet I could not but think Eleanor only availed herself of my misfortune, to cover her own infidelity. Thus do we condemn the credulity of others, and yield ourselves up a prey to the same foible. Disdain superseded affection. I was possessed of a few cloaths, which I was permitted to take: them I slung across my shoulders, and, with ten shillings in my pocket, hastened to the Metropolis. It would tire you to enter into a detail of the various changes of fortune I underwent in my endeavours to procure employment: at last I begun to earn a trifle as a hackney writer; and having saved a few pounds in the course of three years, I resolved to take a pedestrian journey back to my own country, to learn the fate of Eleanor, and, if possible, convince her of my innocence. I found many alterations had taken place. My father's hut was turned into a neat dairy; our

little tract of vegetable ground bore vestiges of excellent cultivation, and produced roots, fruits, and flowers, in abundance. I was pleased at the alteration: But what an emotion of tenderness sprung in my bosom, when I heard that my Eleanor was the author of all these improvements! Alas, that pleasing emotion was chilled by the intelligence, that she was now Mrs. Pritchard; that the old people were no more; had left behind them vast riches; and my implacable foe had obtained the treasure I most of all coveted. I caught a glimpse of her as she came from church: she looked pale and thin; but the country rung with her praises; and it was every where mentioned with what uncomplaining sweetness she bore the tyrannical temper of her husband.

Resolved neither to distress her by my presence, if she yet thought kindly of me, or give her an opportunity of triumphing, if she was completely prejudiced against me, I quitted the country, and returned to my old lodgings in town, which was in the house of a widow lady, who had an only daughter. Fatigue and anxiety took such an effect upon me, that, soon after my arrival, I was taken exceedingly ill. It is impossible to tell the many instances of generous kindness I experienced during my dangerous malady. The amiable Caroline attended me with unremitting assiduity, and my sensibility and gratitude were powerfully excited. I had not been long recovered, when my landlady, one morning, requested a private conference with me. I was rather alarmed, fearing she was about to demand her rent, for which I was considerably in arrears; but judge my astonishment, when she spoke to me as follows: "I feel some embarrassment, Mr. Griffiths, in beginning a subject so delicate as that for which I have requested this interview; but the welfare of my child demands that I should wave all affected scruples. You cannot but have observed the strong partiality with which she regards you; and I think she is not disagreeable in your eyes. However that may be, it

is

is necessary I should be explicit. I am possessed of considerable property, great part of which I can make over to her while living; the remainder will be hers at my death. I am advanced in years, and would wish to leave her properly protected. I have witnessed, with much satisfaction, your industrious exertions, and regularity of conduct, and cannot disapprove my daughter's choice. Your immoveable melancholy, however, leads me to fear some unfortunate connexion is on your mind; if so, deal honorably with me, and be as candid as I have been with you. If you think you could be happy with my child, I will joyfully join your hands, and I think I shall have acted to her advantage: if not, excuse my saying, her peace requires that you should leave the house. Believe me, Sir, I shall not, even in that case, have any pecuniary demand upon you; if you expect it, you wrong me: the affections of the heart are not always to be directed at our will. If you consider yourself under any obligations, some future period may suit you better to discharge them." Mr. Griffiths was here interrupted by a summons to tea; and here I shall conclude this letter. I wonder how I was fool enough to begin this long story, which I suppose you will expect me to finish next post. Well, to oblige you, perhaps, I may.

Yours,

MONT EDGECOMBE.

(To be continued.)

THE

THE INFLUENCE OF RICHES.

(IN IMITATION OF STERNE.)

IF I had just this, said I, as I was reading an account in a newspaper, of a gentleman who had married an agreeable young lady with a fortune of 10,000l.—if I had just this, I would journey chearfully through life; a complaint should not be uttered from my mouth; and I would endeavour even to prevent those of other people: the hungry should not go unsatisfied from my door; nor should the naked curse me, while he sat shivering over a few dying embers, and the rude storm rattling on his rugged roof. I would, said I, be a father to the fatherless; a husband to the widow; and I would—But here a sympathetic tear stopped further utterance; it had no power over the flowings of my heart, I thought I would make all around me happy.

The wish was a kind of prophetic one; Providence intended to put my virtue to the trial; I had just finished the paragraph, and thrice wiped my eyes with a white cambric handkerchief. It was from thee, Almira, I received it, wet with the crystal drops which had fallen for the death of an indulgent father. They have never yet been washed from it; nor shall they ever mix with the stream while I possess it; but I will add a few more to them, as often as all powerful Nature shall call them from my eyes.

I had just finished the paragraph, when the postman brought me a letter, informing me, that my brother Jacob, who had emigrated to the East Indies, had died, and left me 10,000l.

When I had finished my letter, I lifted up my white cambric handkerchief, which I had laid upon the table; I lifted it, and put it into my pocket.

When I had read an account of the death of a brother; when I had taken up my white cambric handkerchief,

kerchief, had I not informed the reader what I did with it, he would naturally have concluded, that I used it either to wipe a tributary—or at least a fashionable—tear from my cheek: I did neither.

There is nothing more difficult than to give a reason for every thing that happens: I think, however, that I can give two for this.

For there are two circumstances which render the mind less susceptible of the natural feelings upon the death of any relation: the first, when we hardly know, and never were intimate with, the deceased; and the second is, when he leaves any thing behind him valuable enough to occupy the mind so much, as to divert the melancholy feelings which would otherwise arise on the occasion.

Now both these circumstances concurred in the present case. Jacob had begun his peregrinations in the 17th year of his age, while I was yet a child: our acquaintance had hardly ever begun, nor was it carried on by participating in mutual diversions, or sharing in mutual hopes and fears. Thus he was to me as an alien, and not as a brother; and moreover, he had left me as much as would have made many rejoice at the death of a brother, who had been brought up with him as such.

I had asked two or three of my neighbours to sup with me; but I now wished I had not done it on account of the expence. Tell me, Nature, what it is, (for I could never yet discover it,) tell me what it is that contracts the heart on the acquisition of wealth.

I am now no more of the family of ——, said I; I am a gentleman, and I will live as a gentleman; so I leaned my head backwards on the chair, and began to plan out a scheme for my future conduct in life. After I had turned it this way, and that way, and, in short, every way that I could think of, it would not do.

I will go to bed, said I: a comfortable nap will refresh my mind, and I will make it do in the morning. So I laid me down, and turned me to this side, and to that side, and put myself into this and that position; but

but I could not get the nap I wanted, nor would the scheme go out of my head.

It was a maxim among the Stoic philosophers, and adopted by many people as a dernier resource, to bear courageously up against the tide of misfortunes. While my blood and spirits rushed warmer into my veins than at this present moment, when they can hardly crawl along, I was fond of this method; but I generally found it was spending my strength in vain; I have therefore long since adopted a quite different one, which is, to lay myself supinely on the surface of the stream, and swim spontaneously with the tide. When a rock or precipice seems to fall in my way, I paddle myself to one side of it with a leg or an arm, and always give myself as little trouble on the occasion as possible.

I took this method in the present case, and since the scheme would not out of my head, resolved to let it continue there as long as it pleased; so I prosecuted it all night, and about nine o'clock in the morning had fixed on a plan. I had no sooner fixed upon it, than I got out of bed, wrote it down on a piece of paper, with my annual income upon one column, and my expence upon the other, when, to my great mortification, I found that the expence, as I had planned it, would be exactly seven pounds, thirteen shillings and sixpence half-penny above my income.

I then run over all the other plans which I had thought of during the night; there were none of them that would answer; and this could not be executed upon one single farthing less than I had estimated it at.

Had I just this seven pounds, thirteen shillings and sixpence, said I, it would make me compleatly happy.

I began to revolve in my mind, with the utmost eagerness, how I should obtain it. I will conceal, said I, my having got the money, for a year; it will then amount to 10,500l. which will easily bring matters to bear. On further reflection, this would not do.

do. I had told the story the night before, and it was flying about among all my neighbours.

While I was in this dilemma, the maid came to tell me that old Peter was at the door. Now Peter, on account of his name, was a weekly pensioner, on whom I had long been accustomed to bestow a penny every Saturday morning: the girl had told him of my good fortune; and he, no doubt, had reckoned something upon it. "Bid him go about his business," said I, in an angry tone; but my heart smote me as I said it; and I remembered the promises I had been making when I read the letter. Just Heavens! is it thus, said I, we sport with the vows which we make in your hearing! I will go this moment, and give him sixpence at least.

I put my hand in my pocket, and walked hastily to the room door. Sir, said Avarice, while I was going out at it, and had got the sixpence ready, you are at this present moment short of your reckoning seven pounds, thirteen shillings and sixpence half-penny, and yet you are going, like a fool, to give away your money.

At this very instant old Peter bowed to me with a most piteous countenance; the look, methought, seemed to cry aloud, This is what I did not expect. I stood in the door, agitated between two violent passions: Charity bade me reach out my hand, and give it; Avarice contracted it; so I would give it—and I would not give it. Peter saw my distresses, and modestly walked out, and shut the street door behind him.

He was no sooner gone, than I cursed him for departing; was convinced that I would have given it him, if he had staid; and laid all the blame upon his precipitate retreat, which ought naturally to have fallen on the badness of my own heart.

I put up the sixpence, and walked into the room again, and sat down to breakfast. There were two things that embarrassed me so much, that I could not eat:

eat: the first was the want of the seven pounds, thirteen shillings and sixpence half-penny; and the second was the figure of old Peter, which presented itself to my imagination, sitting shivering in his hovel, through every cranny of which the bleak winds were whistling, and playing in his hoary locks, while he was every now and then casting a melancholy look around him, in quest of something to re-kindle the poor remains of a fire just expiring, and with a despairing eye exploring every corner for a scanty crust, or any thing to satisfy his craving appetite.

Methought when he had in this manner rummaged the whole hovel, and could find nothing either to mitigate his cold or hunger, that he sat down upon his chair, leaned his head upon his hand, turned up his eyes to heaven, and gave a sigh: the sigh I thought was accompanied with a curse upon me for having denied his usual boon. "What will become of him!" said I; he must expire before Monday: so I took out the sixpence, and looking at it, May no person ever suffer so much from the want of you, as he now does, said I; nor any ever feel so sharp a pang for possessing you, as I do.

Perhaps all that has now passed before me may be an illusion,—said I,—and he may at this instant be begging at the corner of a street, from somebody as hard hearted as myself: but I will go immediately and find him out; and if I do not find him, I shall find plenty of others to bestow something upon, who may be in as much want: so I put eleven shillings and ninepence into my pocket, and went out, resolved to bestow every farthing of it in charity before I should return.

I had got but a little way from my own door, when I saw a poor man at a distance, standing in a suppliant posture. My niggard heart revolted against all the resolutions I had made. It is he,—said I;—and I must give away my money; although I have already seven pounds, thirteen shillings and sixpence half-

penny per annum too little. When I approached the man, and found it was not him, my heart rejoiced within me as I past by.

In going through several parts of the town, I met various objects of charity; but I industriously kept from looking at any of them, lest pity should overcome avarice, and force a passage into my heart. While I shunned every other beggar, I would have persuaded myself that I wanted to meet Peter; but it was only a pretence; for I got home with every farthing of the money in my pocket which I had carried out.

A semblance of virtue will often stifle the monitor within us. I had done my duty, I thought, with regard to Peter; and if I had not given him the money at first, nor found him out now, it was not my fault; so I sat down to dinner, and began to consider how I should get the seven pounds, thirteen shillings and sixpence per annum, that I wanted.

On Sunday at church my head was full of it; it was full of it all the week, till the Friday evening, when I came home, and found another letter upon my table, informing me, that my brother's effects had turned to much better account than was expected, and that, instead of ten, I should at least get 20,000l. I will double the plan I had formed before, said I, and then I shall appear somebody: but, in order to do this, I shall want fifteen pounds, seven shillings. If I had just this, I should undoubtedly be happy.

There are no limits to avarice. I now spent as uneasy a night in contriving how to acquire this fifteen pounds, seven shillings, as I had done before on account of the half of it. I rose about eight o'clock in the morning, and taking hold of the right knee of my breeches, in order to put them on, all the money in the pocket fell upon the floor. On gathering it up, and counting it, I found exactly the eleven shillings and ninepence. I never carried money so long before, said I, without parting with some of it.

O, conscience! conscience!—however we may endeavour to stifle thee, thou art a faithful monitor,

and will be perpetually endeavouring to rouse us from an indulgence of our crimes. When I saw the money untouched,—thou toldst me I had done amiss, and I listened to what thou toldst me.

When I had but little to spare, said I, I always gave a part of that little; and never till I became possessed of so much, did I carry a sum so long and undiminished in my pockets: but I will now atone for my fault. While I said this, I felt benevolence rushing warm into my heart. There is nothing better than to hit a lucky moment. Now Peter at this very moment hit the door with the knocker; and as it was about the usual time of his coming, the sound of the knocker hit my heart.

You, said I, looking at the eleven shillings and ninepence in my hand, you shall pay the forfeit of my crimes. Long have you shut out every social feeling from my heart; but you shall never have it in your power to do so again. So I sent the old man away rejoicing.

August, 1803. CONRADE.

THE VEHICLE OF AMUSEMENT.

NO. III.

BY SIGMA.

WHETHER the present crisis of national affairs may be esteemed a fit subject for the *Vehicle of Amusement*, I must in some measure leave to my readers; but I am under the necessity of entering upon that topic, on account of some communications from correspondents.

First, a packet from Technic Phisiologicus, M. D. F. R. S. wishing to be informed of the best way of making men of those effeminate and useless animals behind the counters of milliners, haberdashers, and linen-drapers, who monopolize employment from the weaker sex. The Doctor observes, (I shall quote his words,) "Having had an opportunity of dissecting a subject of this kind, I was induced to explore the cause

cause of this *viro effeminancy*. I proceeded, as usual, to open the head, and found a collection of water between the *dura* and *pia mater*, which, upon *chemical analysis*, proved principally to be composed of *insensibility* and *affectation:* but my surprise encreased, when, upon looking for the brain, I could discover nothing but its vessels, which appeared at first sight to be composed of ribbands carelessly rolled up." The Doctor enters minutely into the varieties of the different parts, and observes, "the bones were weak and rickety, for want of proper exercise."

During the perusal of this correspondent's essay, I found myself frequently at a loss, not being able to comprehend many of his anatomical terms; nevertheless, as *I am consulted*, I must venture my opinion. Strength is the effect of exercise; consequently every laborious employ invigorates; therefore exercise is all they want to make men of them. I would advise the following *recipe* to the Doctor's attention.

Take a musket, 14 pounds by weight; exercise it every morning from six to eight, and every evening from five to seven.

After a little attention to the above recipe, I much doubt whether the Doctor will be able to distinguish this class in dissection from the greater part of the nation, as their brains will in general appear *to be composed* of *muskets, regimentals, fortifications, fosses,* &c.

I must now take my leave of the Doctor, to notice a letter I have received from Jack Grog, which I shall give in the old boy's own words, hoping it will meet the satisfaction of my readers.

"Mr. Sigma, *Greenwich.*

"I am an old hulk, stow'd by with part of my timbers gone; but that's nothing; I am a sailor, and find my pride almost a-lee at Monseer Boneparte's insolent lingo: he has threatened to come along-side of our shore, to make observation of us; but when he

spies us all hands in arms, he'll be glad *to skud off*. I does'nt partend to know much about pollyticks, but I knows for sartan, that the Monseers are a pack of land lubbers; and there is'nt a quarter of them that knows more about reefing a sail than your Honor. All they knows is to strike, and that they can do as quick as any mariners in the world. But that is'nt what I was going to tell you, which is, as how Moggy, my old girl, is continually falling foul of the Frenchman's promises; and she and her convoy, which are a number of women, are splicing their resolutions together, to take up arms, as they say. Good Queen Bess headed her army, and they are agoing to offer their sarvices to do garrison duty in case of invasion, that his Majesty may more readily dispose of the voluntary offers of the associations. I would undertake to drill them; but you must know that as how that when Tom Thunder brought home the word of Boneparte's coming, I forgot my lopt leg and arm as well as my crutch; up I jumped, to pipe all hands a-hoy, when I foundered over a pail of water, and broke, as our doctor says, my leg, and three ribs. When I repair this damage, I intend to take a cruise, to tell my neighbours what a scurvy set the French are, and then to larn my son to box the compass, that he may stear after his brothers through the straights of glory, to chastise the French for his father, and for the sake of his King, and honor of the British flag. All I regret is, that I is'nt able to man a gun to drive 'em back, if they should come in baloons; for if ever they weather our shore in boats, say my name is'nt

"JACK GROG."

A noble example for my countrymen. Jack, enjoy the asylum with which thy country has rewarded thee. Your wife has imbibed your spirit: her example cannot fail to fire our youths, who will blush to own themselves less courageous than the other sex, or less strenuous too in the defence of our invaluable blessing of liberty.

Southwark. S.

THE FARM HOUSE STORY:

A COMEDY, IN THREE ACTS.

ACT I. SCENE II.

A Farm House Kitchen.

Enter FARMER BLUNT, *with a Pipe, and Jug of Ale,* MRS. WOODBURY, *apparently blind, and knitting.* JESSY *preparing Supper.*

Farmer. COME, mistress, do ye now lay aside; you tire yourself to death with so much work; I have hose enow for the few years I shall live.

Mrs. Woodbury. No, my good friend, I can never feel fatigue, while I consider that the produce of my feeble efforts will contribute to discharge part of my weighty obligations.

Farmer. There you go again! always harping about obligations. Do'nt I tell you, I never was so happy in my life, except when poor Bridget Blunt was living? You keep all my household matters in good order; my son goes clean and tidy. Then, there's Jessy—never was a prettier spoken maid: and as for good-nature and notability, few farmers' daughters, now a-days, can match her. Though she has been brought up like a lady, she doesn't go for to flout and sneer at old folks, like some of our misses, but is handy, and obliging to every one: aye, and I love her as well as thof she were my own kin, as a body may say.

Mrs. Woodbury. You are very good to praise my child; I hope she will live to repay your kindness.

Farmer. If she continues to deserve what little I can do for her, I ask no more. To be sure, I could have wished to have made a match *atwixt* her and Tom; but as he's got a sweetheart of's own chusing, perhaps 'tis for the best. *Adrat'n*, I wish a'd make haste,

and bring the lass to supper, for I begin to feel craving. Is all ready, Jessy, dear?

Jessy. Yes, Sir: we only have to wait for Tom and Mary.—But, my mother, you seem unwell.

Mrs. Woodbury. No, my love; I am only low spirited; it is not unusual.

Farmer. I faith, I wish we had the merry musical Doctor here; he would make us laugh, I warrant he would, with his queer sayings. I do think, Jessica, he has a month's mind to thee; I do, sure.

Jessy. Dear Sir, what a notion! I am sure the Doctor has no such thought; it is merely his good-natured way.

Farmer. Well, well, girl, thee mayest meet with worse in the world; for an honest heart is better than a tinsel jacket. But suppose we have a song or a story, to beguile the time till Thomas comes back. Egoles, I have just thought of one: come, Jessy, sit down.

Scene changes to a Lane near the Farm. Mr. OVERTON *enters, supported by* EDWARD *and a* POSTILION.

Edward. I fear, my dear Uncle, you are much hurt; more so than you would wish me to believe.

Mr. Overton. No; I feel some pain in this arm, but my anxiety to get to Bath would induce me to travel on, could we procure any conveyance. Poor Lady Angelina will be so much alarmed.

Edward. But, Sir, your safety is of much more consequence. Your unfortunate eagerness has already been the cause of this misadventure; had we not hurried the post-boy, the chaise might have reached Bath without being overturned.

Mr. Overton. I tell you, boy, I know best: these fashionable freaking dames are easily offended. Why, she might break off the match, and then you would lose a handsome wife, and thirty thousand pounds.

Edward. But Lady Angelina has more sense.

Mr.

Mr. Overton. A truce with your *buts*, Sir; you always chuse to contradict me. Postilion, how far are we from Bath?

Postilion. About fourteen miles, Sir; but, what's worse, your Honour, I can see no inn, nor nothing like one.

Edward. Oh, if we could find any place of rest for my uncle, I should be satisfied: I fear his arm is broken.

Enter TOM BLUNT.

Tom. Adzooks! what's matter? Be'est hurt, old gentleman? Fath, I'ze zorry. Vather has a bit of varm hard bye. Think'st can crawl to't?

Edward. Thanks, my good lad: we will bear him thither presently, if you will direct us.

Tom. I'd go wi ye myself, but I beest in hurry to meet my Mary. Should I miss her, she'd cry her eyes out. But if you go strait on, d'ye mind, down thisun lane, then cross Farmer Maytop's pasture field, turn round the corner by Dead Man's Bush, and pass Dame Wood's orchard, you'll hear turkeys in vather's yeard making rare noise zure.

Edward. (Smiling.) Enough—Lane—field—bush—orchard—a correct direction. However, we will try. Come, Sir, you look faint; lean on me. I trust we shall find it.

Tom. Aye, and I'll overtake you in a crack. Mary and I will fetch the good doctor; he lives hard bye.

(Exeunt Mr. Overton, Edward, *and* Postilion.

Tom. Well, I'se been lucky enough to do a good turn to-night. We be only poor folks true, but we may have kind hearts as well as our betters; and stupid and silly as I may seem, every dog has his day.

[*Singing and whistling.*

Enter MARY BLITHE.

Mary. Well, for sartin theest a clever youth, to stand hooting and singing there, when a body was waiting in the cold.

Tom

Tom. Sure now I'm sorry: But, Mary, I know thee beest a kind hearted maid; and when I tell thee I'se been sending a poor sick gentleman to varm, thee'lt not scold. Well, has't got the place, Mary?

Mary. Got it! yes; and what's more, Lady Angelina is going to be married. Her husband's coming to-night; and there's to be a grand *to do* at the place. Oh, how I did wish to stay!

Tom. Well, Mary, I hope, with all these fine doings, poor Tom at the varm won't be vorgot. Many and many a wench gets into these great places, and gets so bemazed and bemoither'd, that they does'nt know their own vather or mother.

Mary. That shall not be my case, Tom, I swear.

Tom. Well, I trust not: besides, Mary, I shall be quite and clean another sort of body, when drill sergeant has taken me in hand a bit. Zo now let's be after doctor. *(Exeunt.*

SCENE, the Farm.

MR. OVERTON *seated in the Farmer's great chair, supported by cushions;* EDWARD *and* BLUNT *on each side;* MRS. WOODBURY *and* JESSY *opposite.*

Mr. Overton. I thank you, good farmer; indeed I shall do very well. Pray be seated; it gives me more trouble and pain to occasion all this inconvenience, than what my hurt can make me feel.

Farmer. Well, Sir, you shall have a clean warm bed, and I hope you will soon be comfortable.

Enter TOM, MARY, *and* DR. SOPORIFIC.

Doctor. (Advancing eagerly.) How are you, neighbour Blunt? Sad accident, I hear. Can I see the patient.—Fractured? Maimed? eh!

Farmer. There sits the gentleman, Doctor; I know you will do your best.

Jessy. (Anxiously.) I hope there is no danger.

Doctor.

Doctor. (*Approaches, and feels Patient's pulse; shakes his head, but looks chearfully at the company.*) *Three, four—triple time*—rather too quiet. Few symptoms of fever—Little *jarred*, too—Nerves *unstrung*. A warm embrocation, and narcotic draught, will harmonize the system presently. Bruised on the shoulder, I see.

Mr. Overton. A candid Doctor this.

Farmer. Aye, that he is, and alike reasonable in his charges.

Doctor. Right, neighbour: Look in my face; that's commonly a medical man's day-book: observe it accurately, first, second, and third visit, and you may calculate to a nicety, the number of pounds, shillings, and pence, to be found in his bill.

Edward. Then, Sir, by your countenance, I am led to hope that my Uncle's case is not desperate.

Doctor. Perfectly safe, Sir: more frightened than hurt.

Mr. Overton. Doctor, I have been a soldier, and was never afraid of any thing—but physic.

Doctor. Childish prejudice! Need not fear me: I never hurt man or beast, and my practice is extensive both ways. Ask any of my patients. Sir, I never shoe a horse, but I make him *dance*; or draw a tooth, but the person begins to sing. Though I must own the *notes* are sometimes too *chromatic* for vulgar ears, which are seldom perfectly *scientific*.

Mr. Overton. Ha, Doctor, you are a *sharp*, I take it.

Doctor. (*Shrugging.*) No, Sir, no; though not quite a *flat*, I hope.

Edward. What, Sir, do you make yourself a *natural?*

Doctor. Egad, that's a *slur*.

Farmer. Ah, Doctor, there you're on your hobby-horse. For my part, I know as little about music as I do about physic: but I like to see you alive, and merry. Take a cup of ale with us.

Doctor.

Doctor. With all my heart. When good humour is the key note, we are sure to have the chords in unison. *(To Mrs. Woodbury.)* But, Madam, how is this? you seem an octave too low: let me prescribe for you.

Farmer. Then let it be a song, Mr. Soporific.

Doctor. Gadso, Miss Jessy, you have a charming voice: pity you do not touch the harp or piano: that hand, so white, so finely formed, would finger as gracefully as—

Jessy. As your finger a *fee*, Doctor!

Doctor. Ha! ha! that's a neat *turn.*

Mr. Overton. Edward, give us the soldier's song.

Doctor. You sing, Sir? Happy to hear you. Of the Italian school, I presume.

Edward. No, Sir; my studies have been confined to English composition.

Doctor. Which are *now* considered mere *opiates.*

Farmer. Excuse me, Doctor; I think our English music may be compared to wholesome camomile, which settles a man's stomach after a surfeit of foreign dainties, and restores him to his true taste.

Mr. Overton. Very true, farmer. Indeed, nature has done so much for my nephew, that he scarcely requires the aid of art.

Doctor. Nature is, indeed, wonderful in her *operations*, and often liberal in her dispensation of the animal functions; for instance, in giving me such an ear.

Tom. Why, dang it' Doctor, I doesn't see your ear be a bit bigger than some animal as I could name.

Doctor. (Colouring.) Friend Thomas, like many others, you meddle with what you don't understand. But as medical men must not despise *simples*, I excuse you for the sake of harmony.

Tom. I fegs, Doctor, if you lived among us, you would make our very pigs grunt musically.

Doctor. Ha! Ha! what a conceit! But your song, Sir.

(Edward sings, "O Nanny, wilt thou gang with me?" *During the air,* Mrs. Woodbury *seems much affected,*

fected, and at the last verse faints in the arms of Jessy. *All rise.)*

Jessy. My mother is often thus: I will lead her to her apartment. Dr. Soporific, will you attend?

Edward. I am, unhappily, the cause of this. Can I be forgiven, Miss Woodbury?

Jessy. Sir, my mother cannot always command her feelings; but she cannot accuse you of any fault.

Edward. But shall we lose your company all the evening?

Jessy. If my mother recovers, and can spare me, I will return.

Doctor. Yes, yes, I will bring her back.

(*Exeunt* Mrs. Woodbury, Jessy, *and* Doctor.

Edward. What a lovely girl!

Mr. Overton. Are they related to you, farmer?

Farmer. No, Sir, no. Please to draw your chair close, and I will tell you the whole story; it may be in your power to serve them, poor souls.

Mr. Overton. Indeed, they have interested me much.

Farmer. Well, Sir, about ten years ago, this good gentlewoman came to live in the village. Her dress was plain and neat, and she spoke civilly to every one: this gained her general good will; though, as slander will be busy with the best of characters, some were ill-natured enow to sneer at hers. She had a little girl, about five years old, and a sweet smiling cherub it was. Mrs. Woodbury lived frugal and retired, paid regularly for every thing she had, and when she begun to be known in the village, she made interest to get some young children to teach reading and work, and thus matters went on pretty well some months, when, as ill luck would have it, the house they lived in caught fire, and she, poor creature, could hardly save herself and child, naked as they were, from the flames. My farm being handy, I took them in. But misfortune did not end here; for what with the cold she took that dismal night, and some secret sorrow which afflicted her, all flew to her eyes, and deprived her of sight.

Edward.

Edward. Unhappy woman!

Farmer. Well, you may suppose schooling was all over then; but I cou'dn't have the heart to turn a helpless woman and her babe out to starve, while God gave me a crust of bread, a jug of ale, and a good bed to lie on. No, no; I was a father myself, and I could not do it. My wife had been dead about a twelvemonth, and this good woman was rejoiced to take care of my little household. She said she had not a friend in the world; but she shall never want one while Old Blunt lives.

Edward. Heaven bless you.

Mr. Overton. You are a good man, Farmer.

Farmer. No, Sir; I be only a Christian.

Enter JESSY *and* DOCTOR.

Jessy. My mother is much better, gentlemen, and begs your pleasantry may not be interrupted. She will endeavour to get some repose.

Farmer. Well then, we will now settle ourselves to our homely meal. *(They seat themselves to supper.*

END OF ACT I.

ON GIVING ADVICE.

ADVICE is seldom well received, well intended, or productive of any good. It is seldom well received, because it implies a superiority of judgment in the giver, and it is seldom intended for any other end than to shew it: it is seldom of any service to the giver, because it more frequently makes him an enemy than a friend; and as seldom to the receiver, because, if he is not wise enough to act properly without it, he will scarcely be wise enough to distinguish that which is good.

THE OLD MAID.

AMIDST the various impressions which influence the mind of man, I believe none affects it more strongly than *prejudice:* this emotion (if so it may be denominated) is generally excited at a period of life when the judgment is uninformed, and is derived from those who are incapable of giving a proper bias to the youthful understanding; and *mine* I allow to have originated in my nurse.

I had the misfortune to lose my mother a few days after my existence, and of course I was placed entirely under this good woman's care, as my father was too much occupied with the amusements of the country, to devote his attention to the education of his child. The consequence of this was, that my too indulgent protectress thought it right that young master should never be controlled; and by the time I had reached my fourth year, I had obtained so complete a dominion over her, that (unless when in the presence of my father) my word was considered as an absolute law.

Upon the death of my mother, a sister of my father's offered to take me under her care; but as he had never felt any particular affection towards her, by the *persuasion* of my *nurse*, the proposal was refused. When I had reached the age which I have just mentioned, my aunt Deborah informed her brother, she would spend a month at his house, for the purpose (as she said) of embracing her little nephew, for whom, though unknown, she felt the tenderest regard. This sensation I was by no means prepared to return with gratitude; for I had already imbibed an *aversion to my aunt*. She was much older than my father, and he never mentioned her but by the contemptuous title of *the old maid*. Yet, in justice to him, I must say, that my nurse first excited this prejudice in my bosom, from knowing, that if I quitted the protection of my father, she should lose a most excellent place. My

person, when a child, was remarkably lovely; and my appearance at first gave my relation delight; but she was shocked at perceiving (as she has since told me) the violence of my temper, and the untutored state of my mind. In vain she remonstrated with my father against the impropriety of his conduct, in suffering so ignorant a woman to have the care of a child who appeared to require the utmost degree of management, and whose passions threatened to destroy the happiness of his life. By the artful insinuations of this woman, corroborated by my assertions, he was induced to believe that she punished me with the greatest severity when I was out of his sight; therefore, instead of my returning with her, as she requested, he treated her *friendly propsal* with contempt. At the expiration of the month, my aunt took her departure, to the joy of the nurse, as well as myself; and though I soon forgot her person, yet my protectress took care to keep alive the aversion which she had taken so much pains to inspire in my breast. Every time I came from school, the *cruelty* with which I had been *treated* by my *aunt Deborah* was repeated, least her presents, and her letters, should excite my regard; and so rooted was the aversion which I felt to this relation, that I absolutely hated the very sight of an *old maid*.

My nurse, upon my going to school, had been raised to the rank of housekeeper, and contrived to avail herself of the easy turn of my father's mind, who never interfered in the affairs of his family, or paid the slightest attention to the expence. I had just entered into my eighteenth year, when my father was brought home lifeless, occasioned by a fall from his horse; and, to add to the shock which I felt upon this occasion, I soon found that his finances were in a most terrible state.

With my aunt Deborah, I had not kept up the slightest correspondence for the space of four or five years, as I entertained so hearty a contempt for her person, that I thought it beneath my *dignity* to *write*.

Judge

Judge then what must have been my astonishment, at receiving a letter from her couched in the most affectionate style, lamenting that a sick relation at her house, prevented her from flying to me, and offering me that consolation she was so anxious to afford; and this letter was concluded with an affectionate invitation and request that I would take a journey to the north. When I compared her liberal offers of future friendship with the cruelty with which (in imagination) I had been treated at the early part of my life, I could not reconcile the idea of so much inconsistency; yet still I gave *credit* to the *tales* of *my nurse*. Destitute of friends, and deprived of fortune, I determined to avail myself of the offer which had been made; yet I dreaded the idea of meeting my formidable relation; and resolved, with the few hundreds that were left me, to purchase a commission in a regiment that was going abroad. I pictured to myself a tall erect figure, with features contracted by *moroseness*, *prudery*, and *spleen*; when, judge of my astonishment, upon stopping at the door of my aunt's mansion, to find myself pressed to the heart of one of the most interesting females I had ever seen! Instead of that contraction which I had imagined would overspread her countenance, the most benevolent sweetness and kindness were displayed; and I could scarcely avoid asking the question, "Can this be *my aunt Deborah?* Can this be an *old maid?*" She introduced me to a small party assembled in the drawing room, in a manner that convinced me she had mixed with the world; and so much was I delighted with the behaviour of my relation, that I could not sufficiently regret the folly of my own conduct, in not having cultivated her regard. The evening passed in that rational kind of conversation which at once delights and improves the mind; and I found that the *sentiments* of my *aunt* corresponded with her person and her manners; for they were at once dignified, liberal, and kind!

As I was fond of the practice of rising early, the next morning I determined to stroll round my aunt's grounds,

and was astonished at perceiving a long building at the extremity of them, which, though perfectly neat, had the appearance of an *alms-house*. It was surrounded by a large court, covered with gravel, in which near thirty female children were playing at ball, in whose countenances health and happiness were depictured; whilst two elderly women were knitting, and watching their sports. From the children all wearing one dress, I concluded it was an institution of the charitable kind, and curiosity induced me to enquire of one of the matrons, who had established, and what was the design of the school.

"You must be a stranger in this part of the world, indeed, Sir," replied the old woman, placing a pair of spectacles before her eyes, "not to have heard of *Madam Darlington's benevolence*; for all the whole country rings with her praise." My heart bounded with delight at the very name of *Darlington*, and I felt an emotion difficult to describe; yet I determined to satisfy my curosity respecting the *whole character of this dear relation*, without letting my informer know how nearly we were allied. I knew that my aunt had inherited a large fortune from her father, to which her success in the lottery had added ten thousand pounds; and the latter sum I now found had been entirely devoted to the erecting and support of this interesting school. Five and-twenty girls received a useful education; and five of them were every year put out to some trade; twenty pounds were given with them to their mistresses, or laid by for those who rather preferred being ladies maids. Four of the elder girls alternately waited upon the younger ones, and arranged the domestic concerns of the house; assisted in washing the smaller parts of the linen, and by this means became acquainted with different kinds of work. They were taught *writing*, *cyphering*, and every branch of *needle-work*; and every article of the childrens' cloathing was made in the school. The little ones were employed in knitting stockings for the elder. In short, nothing could be more perfect than the whole plan of

the

the school. My communicative informer likewise acquainted me, that the benevolence of my aunt Deborah was not confined to *youth*; for every distressed family in the neighbourhood participated in her *bounty*, and acknowledged her *worth*.

As I approached the abode of this amiable woman, every feeling of my nature seemed to expand with emotions of delight, and I fancied myself going to appear before a *being of superior* order, so strong was the effect which her virtues had produced upon my mind. Her invalid friend was not able to appear at breakfast, and we were left to enjoy a *téte a téte* meal, when, after a few common remarks and interrogations, Mrs. Darlington addressed me in the following style.

"I am very much flattered, my dear Charles, by your ready compliance with my wishes, and not a little gratified at finding you a being so far superior to what I had reason to expect; for from what I saw of you when a child, I had formed a different opinion of you; though I *then knew* that nature had blessed you with an excellent share of sense. You are no stranger to my having wished to superintend your education; but, by the artful suggestions of an interested woman, my proposal was refused; and I had no idea that a school education, unaided by parental solicitude, could have been attended with the advantages I perceive. Though your poor father possessed a thousand amiable qualifications, they were obscured by *a natural indolence of mind*; and I apprehended that the want of parental exertion would prove detrimental to the happiness of his child. Our acquaintance, it is true, is short, but I was delighted with those sentiments which I heard uttered by you last night; and if you can be happy in the society of an old woman, you must henceforth look upon this house as your home. Yet do not suppose I mean you to live a *life* of *indolence*; some pursuit is absolutely necessary for youth; I therefore wish you to make choice of the *church*, the *law*, or the *army*; and whatever selection you make,

I will forward your pursuits. If the former should meet your approbation, the clergyman of this parish is a man most capable of forwarding and promoting your designs; and when he thinks you are sufficiently informed to be sent to the university, I shall still have the pleasure of supplying all your wants. The return which I shall expect for this proof of my affection, will be that *confidence* with which a parent has a right to be treated by a son. I know that young men are exposed to a variety of temptations; and as I do not hope to find *perfection* in *human nature*, I can pardon every thing but *deceit*. Whatever are your follies, make *me* acquainted with them; for though I may *condemn them*, I shall never be *severe*. Take time to reflect upon the different pursuits I have mentioned, and let me have your determination in the course of a few days."

I was so struck by the unexpected kindness of this dear woman, that I was incapable of making a proper reply; I embraced her hand, however, with filial affection, and assured her, I would endeavour to render myself worthy of her tenderness and regard. I had merely thought of the army, as the only resource for a *needy adventurer*, and had always felt a preference for the church; it therefore required very little time for reflection, and my aunt seemed delighted with the choice I had made. Her preference to this profession was occasioned by her having formed an early attachment to a clergyman, whose sudden death, on the eve of their marriage, she still regretted and deplored; and, to evince the strength of her attachment to his memory, she determined to preserve the title of *an old maid*.

Under the direction of the worthy Mr. Jackson, my understanding became enlightened, and the amiable qualities of my beloved relation excited emulation in my mind. I wished to imitate those virtues which called forth my admiration; and the impetuosity of my disposition seemed imperceptibly to subside. If I

possess

possess an excellence, to her example it must be attributed; if I have fewer vices than the generality of young men, it must be ascribed to her advice; for depraved must have been that being who had so bright an example before him, and yet suffered the impulse of his passions to lead him into crimes!

At the expiration of a twelvemonth, I was entered at St. John's College; and every wish of my heart most liberally supplied; for my aunt seemed to feel for me all that tenderness which the most affectionate of mothers could experience towards a son. I had spent three vacations in the north, when I received a letter from Mr. Jackson, informing me, that he feared my aunt was dangerously ill; and desiring me immediately to set out for Yorkshire, and travel with all the expedition in my power. This precaution was completely unnecessary; for I felt as if all my happiness was at stake, and actually travelled with such rapidity, as to perform my journey in eight-and-twenty hours.

As I approached the mansion of my beloved benefactress, a universal trepidation seized my frame; and when the carriage stopped, I really was unable to ask the servant, whether this amiable woman was alive. The countenance of the man too plainly convinced me that I had every thing to fear; when Mr. Jackson met me at the door of the parlour, and exclaimed, "Thank God! my dear fellow, you are arrived in time!" "In time for what?" I demanded, scarcely knowing what I uttered. "In time to receive the last blessing (said he) of a dying saint." "Oh, God, (I rejoined,) we must not lose her! For Heaven's sake, immediately send to London for advice." One of the first physicians in town, I had the misery of hearing, had declared it was impossible to preserve her life. I therefore endeavoured to prepare my mind for the affecting interview; but my feelings were so much affected, that my fortitude failed. I ascended the stairs with a trepidation not to be imagined, and tapped

ped in the gentlest manner at the chamber door, which happened to be exactly opposite the foot of the departing angel's bed. Large drops of perspiration stood upon her pallid countenance, which, in spite of the anguish she suffered, was still illumined by a benevolent smile. "Is it you, my dearest Charles?" said she, in a faint accent, at the same time stretching out her cold clammy hand. I involuntarily dropped upon my knees as I embraced it; and, no longer able to restrain my feelings, burst into tears. "You are exhausted by fatigue," continued she, unmindful of her own sufferings. "Nurse, get him some refreshment; he looks ready to faint." I could as easily have moved a mountain, as have swallowed a morsel; but, at the persuasion of the dear sufferer, I drank a glass of wine; and seeing me more composed, she requested her attendants to leave us a few minutes alone.

"I am thankful to Providence," said she, pressing my hand to her bosom, "for this happy cessation from pain; for had you arrived a few hours sooner, your feelings would have been shocked at beholding how much I endured. But the dissolution of a connexion so near, as that of the soul and body, is a struggle which of course must be attended with agony and pain; yet when I look forward to the blessed reward of my sufferings, I ought rather to rejoice, than utter a complaint. I have endeavoured to prepare my mind for this awful moment, by leading a religious, and, I hope, a useful life. To you, my dear Charles, I have left the bulk of my property; and relying upon your benevolence, I have entrusted the objects of mine to your care; for I wished you to reap the reward of your own virtuous disposition, rather than to depute you as my agent in their affairs. If you should abuse the confidence I have placed in you; if, from the versatility of human nature, your disposition should change, then shall I have reason to regret my misplaced reliance upon your virtue; and you will be called to a severe account at the awful day

of

of Christ! But I have studied your character from the moment I first knew you, and have only to intreat that you will follow the amiable dictates of your heart; and then, my dear Charles, when you are called upon to give an account of your conduct, you will feel as composed, and as happy, as your aunt. The school which I established, will not require the aid of your benevolence; for the original fund will be adequate to its support; yet I trust you will inspect the regulation of each department, and not suffer the unfortunate to deplore my loss."

Here the voice of my beloved benefactress failed her; but, with additional energy, she grasped my hand, whilst I assured her, in broken accents, that her wishes should be the rule of my life. Though speech had failed her, she motioned to me to quit the apartments. I therefore rang the bell, and summoned the nurse; and before I could reach my friend Mr. Jackson, her spotless spirit had taken its flight. To say that I felt grieved at the loss of this amiable woman, is faintly to describe what I endured; for she was at once mother, sister, friend, and preceptress, to me, and had inspired the most grateful emotions in my heart.

Upon opening the will, I found myself master of a fortune of upwards of eighteen hundred a year, with five thousand pounds to be disposed of, in ready money, according to my wishes and desires. I determined, therefore, to establish a school for fifteen boys, upon the same plan as that she had formed for the other sex; and I trust that, by strict attention to economy, the same degree of success will attend my plan. Never shall I forget the heart-felt sorrow which every individual displayed at her death; and on the day of the funeral, the objects of her benevolence all assembled to attend their beloved benefactress to the grave. The solemn sound of the curfew, united to the sable appearance of the surrounding multitude, excited indescribable emotions in my mind; and whilst

whilst they were making the necessary arrangements for the funeral, I retired to my chamber, and wrote the following lines:

What means that solemn awful sound,
That vibrates through my breast?
What means that sable thronging crowd,
In Grief's apparel drest?

Behold the widow's pallid cheek
Again suffus'd in tears;
Behold the aged and the weak,
Oppress'd by grief and years!

And view the helpless infant throng,
Once nurtur'd by her care,
With mournful steps proceed along,
The victims of despair!

Well may the tears of sorrow rise,
Well may all ages weep;
For Darlington has sought the skies—
The virtuous—and the meek!

Deign to look down upon thy son,
Thy own adopted child;
Teach him to do as thou hast done,
And purify his mind.

Yes, sainted spirit—by thy worth,
And virtuous deeds, I swear,
That all the wretched sons of earth
Shall be my daily care.

That charity which thou display'd,
By me shall be supply'd;
And that benevolence, which said,
"Sustain the wretched child,"

Shall regulate each vicious thought,
That leads to weak expence;
And by thy pattern I'll be taught
Both purity and sense.

C. D.

Agonized as my mind was by the affecting objects which surrounded me, it seemed to obtain relief by the

the exertion of writing these lines; and I prepared to pay the last sad office of respect to a being, who had studied the present and future happiness of my life. She had desired that her funeral might be conducted with the utmost privacy; but all the objects of her benevolence requested to attend; and I could not refuse them the mournful pleasure of evincing their gratitude, and following their beloved benefactress to the grave. A more impressive sight never was witnessed; for I may literally say, that the path from her house to the church was watered with tears; and the children, in particular, excited my sensibility; for they had not acquired the art of setting bounds to their grief. An anthem had been composed from "*I know that my Redeemer liveth*," which these innocent objects of her charity were to have sang; but their lips quivered, their agitation became violent, and with one voice they exclaimed, "We cannot go on."

If the prejudice which was excited in my infant bosom against the respectable character of an Old Maid, should in any degree influence the minds of others, I think it must be eradicated by perusing this simple unvarnished tale; for where can we find a wife or a mother more truly estimable than Mrs. D——?

ON GOD'S JUDGMENT.

WE cannot tell what is a judgment of God; 'tis presumption to take upon us to know. In time of plague, we know we want health, and therefore we pray to God to give us health: in time of war, we know we want peace, and therefore we pray to God to give us peace. Commonly we say a judgment falls upon a man for something we cannot abide. An example of this we have in King James, concerning the death of Henry IV. of France. One said he was killed for wenching; another said he was killed for changing his religion: "No," said King James, who could not abide fighting, "he was killed for permitting duels in "his kingdom." S.

ON THE FATAL CONSEQUENCES OF LUXURY.

THERE is no greater calamity can befal any people, than when luxury is introduced among them, especially where it becomes general, and is carried to so great a height, that every individual is under some necessity of living beyond his fortune, or incurring the censure of being avaricious. A man once engaged in this extravagant course of living, is seldom able to extricate himself in time, but is hurried on to the brink of ruin, reduces a helpless family to want and misery, and must at length sink under a weight of misfortunes; or, through necessity, be driven to what may sacrifice his honour, country, conscience, and every other consideration, to a present relief, which may—which must—at last, end in his destruction. However amiable virtue and integrity may appear in our eyes, human nature will find it difficult to withstand the threatening misery of immediate want. A prison staring a man in the face, continual duns at his door, or a want of his accustomed pleasures, will drive him to extremities, which nothing but necessity could occasion. He is no longer master of himself; but, like a drowning man, catches at every thing, even his dearest friend, though he should perish with him. To what melancholy extremities will not this unhappy situation lead a man! to poverty, shame, villainy, dependency, and disgrace; and, at length, to sell one's country, to support an idle extravagance. Let a man's income be what it may, if he lives beyond it, this will be the case, sooner or later: and if ever a superior power should fall into such necessitous hands, the very thing which should make the people happy, the abundance of the public treasure, may, if artfully managed, prove the means of their destruction.

FROM SEGUR'S INFLUENCE OF WOMEN IN SOCIETY.

(JUST PUBLISHED.)

WOMEN are, if I may use the expression, another soul of our being, which, though enveloped in a separate covering, accords most uniformly with all our sentiments, which they inspire; with all our desires, which they excite and participate; and with all our weaknesses, which they can commiserate, without yielding to their influence. If man be unhappy, he requires of his soul, an energy to enable him to support the load of physical sufferings, and of moral evils, still more difficult to sustain. But as this assistance must originate within himself, it necessarily partakes of the dejection which pervades his whole being. Should he resort to his other soul, he then feels how much the women deserve his admiration; these women who approach him in enchanting forms, and administer an unexpected balm to his sorrows; and who make him sensible in every particle of his being, that, although they appear distinct from himself, yet they are himself nevertheless. He observes these sweet participators of his joys and his sorrows unceasingly near him, who make him anticipate consolation, even before it is offered; whom he assents to at once, without waiting for the arguments of persuasion, and who appear an asylum against all misfortune. But, because we are endowed with corporeal strength, is it to follow, that the fair sex are to be born to slavery or submission? that they are to be dependent on our passions and caprices? awaiting the arbitrary decrees dictated to them by the forms of government, and the prejudices of men? Here adored as divinities; there esteemed as companions and equals; and again we may see them condemned to servitude and contempt. Yet, under all these different

circumstances, we see them still retaining their characteristic distinctions, submitting with inexhaustible patience, and enduring with inconceivable fortitude. Their faults are not augmented under the pressure of distress and humiliation. And which of our qualities do they not possess? One alone, Anacreon says, has been denied them; and that is prudence. But, as they are every where led themselves, and never, unless by a temporary usurpation, are able to assume the lead of others, they have less inducement to the exercise of foresight than the men. Their extreme sensibility, too, pleads their apology in this respect. Alive as they are to every impression that can excite their feelings, their situation is little calculated for the calm exertion of foresight; but, being too apt to yield themselves up to the suggestions of the moment, they not unfrequently pass their lives in alternate action and repentance. Various have been the opinions of celebrated writers with regard to the fair sex: some have considered them as equal in every respect to the other sex; while others have condemned them to perpetual frivolities. And no doubt examples might be quoted, both in support and refutation of both these modes of judgment; yet I must observe, that the number of those who have written in their praise is much greater than that of their calumniators. Some have denied them any share of political talents; yet how much address and intelligence have they not evinced in important intrigues, and even in negociations? How many treaties, and unhoped for alliances, have they conducted, of which the men received the honor, but the merit of which belonged to the women! How many great actions, and great resolutions, have been accomplished and suggested by them! What admirable enthusiasm have they not been able to excite, to lead on heroes to the brilliant exploits which they themselves were incapable of executing; and when they could only console themselves for standing idle spectators, by the flattering right of binding the laurels on the temples of the brave!

If the men can boast of more prudence, the women have less egotism; and so entirely do they devote themselves to others, that they have at length given reasons to believe, that nature ordained the sacrifice; and hence all our laws oppress them, and of them are all privations required. Among no people, even the most savage, have we seen the men obliged to offer themselves up a sacrifice on the tombs of their wives, as the women have been on the funeral piles of their husbands. And the history of men affords us no instance of an illustrious and voluntary victim of love, such as Dido, and many others that might be mentioned.

Ever disposed to commiserate our distresses, to participate in our joys, and to offer us every addition to our happiness, evincing only the fear of poverty in the means of assisting us; and if slighted or neglected in our prosperity, yet ready to return at our call, if fresh misfortunes oppress us.—Such are the generality of women. In this view, how can we chuse, but love them? In other respects, how can we cease to pity them? Withheld from the pursuits of any occupation, scarcely allowed to regulate the concerns of their own family, bringing us wealth which they never command, and presenting us with children who are not committed to their power; such is their condition. Yet it cannot be denied, that if the one seems to be endowed with peculiar qualities, not possessed by the other, we cannot deny the other advantages equally to be valued; that where corporeal strength is wanting, they possess qualities to make up the deficiency; that in moments of transient equality, they have evinced an ability equal to ours; and that, with the exception of inventive genius, their intellectual faculties are not inferior to our own.

THE BIRTH OF CHRISTIANITY.

We have been able thus far to observe the influence of governments and of laws on the manners of women. After several successive ages, a change was effected,

which went in some measure to purify and renew the morals of this sex, too weak to stem the torrent of licentiousness.

We have successively seen the women among the Patriarchs reduced to the simple employment of a mother of a family; among the Egyptians, treated with more consideration, and always regarded as the sources of happiness: in Greece, sometimes neglected as in Athens; sometimes, as among the Lacedemonians, exposed to the curious eyes of the men, and, at the same time, the victims of a cold and criminal philosophy, which, by misplacing, degraded them. They held a more respectable situation in Rome, in the first ages of the republic; but soon afterwards abandoned to all its dissoluteness, and all its dangers, they are seen to follow the Roman Empire in its decline, to partake of its corruption, and involve themselves in its ruin. Such was the gradual progress of the manners and the conditions of women so far back as the reign of Tiberius.

At length Christianity arose: it came to offer to mankind a safe system of morals, of present and of future happiness; it proposed to them, as their glory, a reconciliation to the Supreme Being; as an end, in adopting it, sweet consolations on the earth; and, as a reward for persevering in it, an eternal rest in heaven.

Until that time the women, unsettled in their desires, and subdued even in their thoughts, unacquainted with any other light than the transient glimmering of pleasure, waited without hope. Having become Christians, they subdued their passions and their reason; and warmed by a pure and vivid flame, they elevated themselves to the divine love, and tasted the anticipated happiness which faith inspires in our breasts even in adversity.

It is in these tender minds, above all others, that the law of Christ ought to exercise all its influence. They were, in fact, the first to embrace these religious doctrines, which corresponding to all the secret move-

ments of their hearts, to their natural fondness for pity, for love, and for devotion, proposed to them engaging occupations, and enjoyments without remorse. It is difficult to delineate the amazing revolution which this period effected.

Christianity, severe in its principles, but proffering forgiveness, substituted the reign of the mind for that of the passions. If politics and philosophy altogether related to the interests of society, the new legislation made this world appear as an empty shadow, from which every thing ought to alienate us; and the world to come, as the only object which should occupy our thoughts, and direct our hopes. Every thing was purified. Disgrace attached itself to licentiousness. The women became more modest, lamented the want of chastity, imposed sacrifices upon themselves, and humbled themselves in order to be elevated. Crimes diminished, from the necessity and the obligation they were under of impeaching themselves. Every one was desirous of a restraint, and regarded the limits of his desires and his passions; duties became pleasures; all the wise institutions which had fallen into decay were restored; vows were pronounced; indissoluble bonds were formed; and marriage, which before had been only an union by the simple agreement of the parties, became a sacred tie, solemnized and consecrated at the altar, and protected by the laws. A simple and pure morality offered itself as a support to the unfortunate, and a safeguard to the weak and the innocent. Extinguishing hatred, and forbidding revenge, Peace appeared to descend on the earth, to invite the human race to love and support her; and Religion, by uniting together the minds of all mankind, seemed to form one immense chain, which reached even the throne of the Deity.

Every thing in this new worship served to render it agreeable to the women. It not only re-established a more equal balance between them and us, but corresponded, in some measure, to that inclination, always prevailing among them, to bring others into

subjection, and to exercise their power. To content is also a species of seduction; and the Christian women have, on this account, been seen to give themselves up to it with more ardour than the men. England, France, part of Germany, Bavaria, Hungary, Bohemia, Lithuania, Poland, Russia, and, during some time, Persia, received the gospel from the hands of beauty, and thousands of proselytes were the happy fruits of its charms and its grace.

This sensibility, so natural to women, (a sensibility which love converts into a passion,) was soon transformed by religion into a mild and consolatory pity. A desire of promoting the happiness of others, and of cheering the unfortunate, imparted to their minds an high degree of warmth and ardour. Sacred asylums of misfortune were established, patronized, and overlooked by them. Weakness and commiseration triumphed, from the disgust with which horrid spectacles of distress must have filled them. The sick and the afflicted were taken care of, and their lamentations respected; and the tears which yet trickled down their cheeks, were received into sympathising bosoms. We at length behold the women, those precious ornaments of the earth, becoming the refuge of the unfortunate, and the resources of the indigent. Persecution likewise, which so severely tried the first Christians, afforded the women an opportunity of unfolding their virtues.

Religion, calm and efficient, had softened their hearts; but when they were oppressed, threatened, and proscribed, it animated their courage, and elevated their sentiments; carried away by a holy enthusiasm, those very women who but lately rivalled the lustre of their charms by the splendour of their dress, now, covered with sack-cloth, forgot their attractions, and the feebleness of their sex, braved death, and even courted it. Let us not be astonished at this amazing fortitude. The worship which they defended with so much zeal, protected their weakness. A series of new

ideas and principles of conduct was established by it; and another constitution of society offered itself to their notice, in which they were able to acquire a rank more respectable than they held before, and totally independent of the men. If they remained in society, a sacred institution bound them to their husbands; if they devoted themselves to the altars, they depended for the future on God alone; and thus, in one word, they passed from slavery into freedom.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

DRURY-LANE.

September 10.

TO night this Theatre was again opened to public amusement. Its exhibitions began with Pizarro, a drama remarkable for pomp and splendour of apparatus, for boldness of action, for variety of event, for wild generosity of sentiment, above almost any other play to which we have been lately accustomed to attend on the British Stage.

The choice of such a piece for this occasion was judicious and happy. It abounds in sentiments which are in perfect unison with that enthusiasm of loyalty, patriotism, honour, and generous bravery, which now kindles in every eye, and inflames, among us, every heart.

That success which this play formerly commanded, was to-night again renewed. Many of the Volunteers attended, as we had expected, in their uniform dresses. Pit, boxes, and gallery, were filled with elegant women, and well-dressed men. Attention was remarkably alive. Nothing, indeed, but a play adapted to awaken all the sympathies of patriotism, could, at such a time, have engaged an attention so lively, and

so

so constant, as that which was given to this piece throughout the evening.

The appearance of Mr. Holland in a part in which the public had been taught to expect Harry Johnston, gave a momentary dissatisfaction, which was, however, by explanation, quickly removed. Every rough, ferocious sentiment from Pizarro, seemed to bring to mind, among the audience, the fierceness, the dark policy, and the guilty inhuman designs, which are generally believed to guide the conduct of the First Consul of France. The speeches breathing so strong that spirit of patriotism, which ought, at least for this moment, to meet nothing but general approbation, were heard, whenever they occurred, with loud and unanimous applause.

Mrs. Powell performed the part of Elvira with a justness of action, a felicity in giving those very tones of voice, which we should expect the reality of her feigned success to call forth, and an energy of feeling, and a truth in the expression of sentiment, such as to us appeared worthy of every praise.

Pope gave considerable satisfaction in the part of Rolla.

Mrs. Young's Cora was such as to exercise great power over the curiosity and feelings of the audience present. We might distinguish singly the merits of several other of the performers. But these were, in all, so respectable, and there was so little of distinct, peculiar, and transcendent merit, in the part of any, that we cannot take it upon us to praise any one or two of them, to the disparagement of the rest.

The audience was delighted in the after-piece, by the powers of their old favourite, Jack Bannister. We could observe, in every part of the performances, an ardour to give satisfaction, which we should have been truly concerned, if we could not have distinguished by the tribute of our humble applause.

COVENT

COVENT GARDEN.

September 12.

This Theatre was opened to-night for the first time this season. Previous to the Play, Mr. Fawcett delivered the following Loyal Address, written by Mr. T. Dibdin, in allusion to the Subscription at Lloyd's.

From Thespian Camps, where Summer colours fly,
Return'd to Winter Quarters, here am I;
Proud of my mission, by the General sent,
To bid ye welcome to our Royal tent—
To hope this favour'd field you'll oft review,
Where many a battle will be fought for you—
To hope you'll often greet, as heretofore,
With golden smiles, the Covent-Garden corps.
In Fame's Gazette, perhaps, our mimic band
Has advertis'd some change in its command;
Has told ye here a fav'rite Chief you'll find,
Vice another favourite resign'd:
And our new Captain we salute with pride,
Since by your judgment he's approv'd as tried;
Yet inclination, duty, each impel
To speak of him who lately rul'd so well;
Who, tho' he quit a truncheon for the ranks,
His mirthful efforts still shall ask your thanks,
And hold, while honour'd here with approbation,
His post of honour in a private station.
Henceforth, when Music shall essay the strain,
With all your best lov'd Songsters in her train,
When gay Thalia shall alternate court,
Your smiles be deck'd with flow'rs of frolic sport—
In Laughter's interval at times you'll hear
Melpomene petition for a tear.
Thus artists render vivid tints more bright,
By blending shadow with opposing light;
And, faith, our artists, thro' past days of heat
(pointing to the decorations,)
Have toil'd, your warmer patronage to meet.
Should you approve their pains to make us gay,
Haply, each morn, some modish dame may say,
"John, take a side-box."—"There's no room below."
"No room at all? Oh, then I'm sure I'll go;
"'Tis only empty places one avoids;
"So, John, be sure we call to day at Lloyd's,
"Where every body runs to give their mite,
"And, for a wonder, all are in the right."

Then

Then *Speed the Plough*, lets join with heart and hand,
Lords, ladies, gentle, simple, sea, and land;
Each castle, village, city, ship, and town,
Should form a club to knock invaders down:
And ever may we boast this house brim full
Of Friends, determin'd to support John Bull;
And should his desp'rate foes our fury brave,
We'll chaunt their requiem in a loyal stave.

After delivering the above Address, Mr. FAWCETT entertained the audience with the following

SONG.

Tune.—The Island.

If the French have a notion
Of crossing the ocean,
Their luck to be trying on dry land,
They may come, if they like,
But we'll soon make them strike
To the lads of the tight little Island.
Huzza for the Boys of the Island,
The brave Volunteers of the Island;
The Fraternal Embrace,
If foes want in this place,
We'll present all the ARMS in the Island.

They say we keep shops,
To vend broad cloth and slops,
And, of Merchants, they call us a sly land;
But, tho' war is their trade,
What Briton's afraid
To say, he'll ne'er sell 'em the Island?
They'll pay pretty dear for the Island;
If fighting they want in the Island,
We'll shew 'em a sample
Shall make an example
Of all who dare bid for the Island.

If met they should be
By the Boys of the Sea,
I'll warrant they'll never come nigh land—
If they do, those on land
Will soon lend 'em a hand,
To foot it again from the Island.
Huzza for the King of the Island!
Shall our Father be robb'd of his Island?
While his Children can fight,
They'll stand up for his right,
And their own, to the tight little Island.

The Play was Morton's Comedy of Speed the Plough, in which Mr. Murray, Mr. C. Kemble, and Mrs. Gibbs, performed the parts formerly allotted to Mr. Pope, Mr. Henry Johnston, and Mrs. Pope. It would be as invidious, as useless, to draw a comparison of merits. We certainly never saw the comedy, in all respects, better performed. The old favourites of the town were respectively greeted in their appearance with peals of congratulation; but Mr. Munden's entree was particularly distinguished; and he seemed determined to evince his gratitude, by a more than usual display of his abilities. The entertainments of the evening closed with the laughable, but low, Farce, of the Devil to Pay, in which Munden was a chaste representative of the Cobler; and Mrs. Mills performed Nell with considerable archness and vivacity.

The house was respectably attended. The national air of "*God Save the King*" was called for, and sung by the performers on the stage, accompanied by the enthusiastic chorus of the whole audience.

The *tout ensemble* of the Theatre, amid the correctness with which the performances were conducted, reflects great credit upon the new management, and is an happy augury of the future entertainment of the town at Covent Garden.

DRAMATIC PATRIOTISM.

Theatre Royal, Drury-Lane.

THE Proprietors and Partners in this Property have transmitted to Sir Francis Baring, Chairman of the Patriotic Fund Committee, the entire Receipt of the first Night of Performance, amounting to 538l. 6d.

Theatre Royal, Liverpool.

Messrs. Lewis and Knight, the Managers of this Theatre, have remitted the Produce of a Benefit Night for the Patriotic Fund, amounting to 317l. 1s. 6d.

Cabinet of Fashion,

WITH ELEGANT COLOURED PLATES.

EVENING DRESSES.

1. A Head-Dress of White Ostrich Feathers, tipped with Blue. An upper Robe of White Lace, with a Train, under which is a light Blue Chambray Muslin Dress: the Gloves and Shoes White.

2. A French Turban, and Frock of Yellow Muslin: the Shoes and Gloves White.

MORNING DRESSES.

3. A Green Silk Hat, turned up with White, trimmed with a Wreath of White Feathers. A long Green Silk Shawl, folded over the right Shoulder, and fastened to the Waist on the right Side. The Dress White; and the Shoes Green Leather. Gloves, Grey Leather.

4. A Straw Bonnet, trimmed with White. A plain White Muslin Dress, with a plain Lace Tucker. A Muslin Cloak, with Short Sleeves, and a double Frill of broad White Lace. Gloves and Shoes, York Tan.

*** The most fashionable Colours are Blue and Yellow.

1 2

Morning Dreſſes Nov.

3 4

ing Dresses Nov.r 1803.

BRITISH COLUMBIA
OCT

The Apollonian Wreath.

DAMON TO ELLA:

THE SHEPHERD'S EPISTLE.

——————— of men
The happiest he! who, far from public rage,
Deep in a vale, with a choice few retir'd,
Tastes the pure pleasures of the *rural life.*
THOMSON.

MY dearest Ella, sweetest maid,
Divinest of the fair,
In poor and humble verse array'd,
Receive thy Damon's pray'r.

Ah, leave, ah, leave that busy scene
Where cares and cankers dwell;
A noble mind will ne'er disdain
To view a shepherd's cell.

'Mid flow'ry vales with herbage green,
And hills with verdure crown'd,
My little lovely cot is seen,
By woods encircled round.

My cot is *elegantly neat,*
Nor pomp, nor poverty;
But peace and happiness await,
Reserv'd for love and thee.

Then leave, ah, leave the guilty town,
And still more guilty crew;
And come, and wear the rustic gown,
And hat of harvest hue.

Let wealthy lords, with grandeur great,
In robes and rubies shine;
In simple, humble habit neat,
Be love and Ella mine.

I'd rather live in humble state,
And call that state my own,
Than be dependant on the great,
And subject to their frown.

Then come, my love, with Damon live,
In sweets that never cloy:
What would a mighty monarch give
To share a shepherd's joy!

Each morn, when on the blushing sky
The sun begins to peer,
The lark, that quiv'ring carols high,
Shall break upon thine ear.

Together then we'll stray along,
Thro' brakes of woodbine sweet,
Where many a bird, with many a song,
Thee and the morning greet.

I'll lead thee thro' a flow'ry vale,
Where purple violets grow,
And tell thee many a pleasing tale,
And many a landscape show.

With rustic reed I'll pipe a strain,
And strive to please thee well;
For I'm allow'd by ev'ry swain
In piping to excel.

At noon, when glist'ning gos'mers lie,
And sultry gleams invade,
We'll hear the busy bustl'ing fly,
That hums beneath the shade.

At eve we'll court the bosky burn,
Where cooling breezes breath;
And see the shepherd's lad return,
Shrill whistl'ing o'er the heath.

At night (when lore of legends tire)
The minstrel's task be mine;
My skill to touch the trembling wire
Shall vie with all—but thine.

Thus morning, ev'ning, noon, and night,
Shall please alike the mind;
For they that study nature right,
Will endless pleasure find.

The mightiest work Creation shows
Is dull to Folly's sight;
But he that God and Nature knows,
Finds wonders in a mite.

Then hither, dearest love, repair,
Nor Damon's vows decline;
For night and morn still is his pray'r—
"Be Love and Ella mine."

What if an humble shepherd's bed
No costly silk affords?
Far sweeter rest awaits his head,
Than many a mighty lord's.

Believe me, love, I'd rather hold
An humble honest heart,
Than strut in gems and guilty gold,
To act a faithless part.

I've walk'd each gay assembly round,
In Learning's vesture drest;
But rural life I've ever found
The sweetest and the best.

In outward grace, and manners rude,
No boasted charms are mine;
Yet, trust me, love, my heart is good,
Because that heart is thine.

Beneath the walnut's shabby shell
A luscious kernel lies:
But mark what pois'nous juices swell
The poppy's painted dyes!

Then let this truth thy bosom fill,
With which I now conclude;
That—all that's ugly is not ill,—
Nor all that's gaudy, good.

August 31st, 1803. MUSIPHILUS.

AN ELEGY
ON THE DEATH OF CELIA'S FAVORITE DOG.

NOW for the mournful elegiac metre,
Spirit of Gray! my wand'ring thoughts retrieve;
Too much I want the wit of Squire Peter,*
Too much I own, I'm laughing in my sleeve.

'Tis not to mourn the chatt'ring parrot's fate,
Or purring puss, the nearest to thy heart;
Or playful monkey; tho' they, soon or late,
Must, Celia, from thy festive board depart.

Poor Pug is gone! No more shall I admire
His silver coat, free from marauding fleas;
His sparkl'ing eyes have lost their wonted fire,
His breath is mingled with the summer breeze.

Relentless fate! why cruel did'st deny
The lovely Celia's kind and fond request?
Was not thy pow'r much soften'd by her sigh,
Could not her tear have influence in thy breast?

All grieve, but Molly—she, with joy replete,
Still pours to joyful notes the am'rous tone:
Her stairs no longer sullied by thy feet,
Methinks she whispers, "I am glad he's gone!"

The coachman, ready at thy Celia's call;
The farrier, skill'd in each specific drug;
The knowing footman; Celia summon'd all,
To save from Death's cold grasp, poor dying Pug.

Had some poor infant shar'd but half the care
Which to the dying cur was hopeless giv'n;
A nobler strain, oh, Celia! should declare
The kind regards of high-rewarding Heav'n!

The mother see, upon her dying bed,
By care surrounded, and by grief brought low;
No friend to succour—her fond partner dead,
An helpless infant to increase her woe.

Let fancy bring before thy kindly view,
The mother's feelings, and the infant's cries;
Oh, hear the agonizing last adieu,
The film of death is clouding o'er her eyes.

Oh, Celia, now thy lib'ral arm extend,
Make death sit lightly on the mother's cheek.
Oh act, for once, the orphan's dearest friend;
It's smile shall thank thee, ere it's tongue can speak.

Tooley-Street,
March 24th, 1794.

SIGMA.

* Peter Pindar, Esq.

TO MISS MARY ——'s LAP-DOG.

I.

PHILLIS, I wish that I were thou,
To share thy lady's blessings;
Nay, I would even cry, Bow! wow!
To share such sweet caressings.

II.

Full oft I've seen thee in her arms,
And long'd to take thy place;
For there thou, safe from all alarms,
Hast kiss'd her beauteous face.

III.

Oh, Phillis, come, and teach me how
To gain thy mistress' love;
For her dear sake, my rival, thou
Unkindness ne'er shalt prove.

IV.

Oh! would ye powers, that rule on high,
Make me a lap-dog chary,
Then, then, perhaps, with Phillis, I
Should share the love of Mary.

J. R.

DELIA.

THE hermit, in his mossy cell,
The charms of her I woo would feel;
It needs no partial eyes to find
The beauties of my Delia's mind.
As lovely Venus, she is fair;
As Minerva, she is wise;
As Diana, she is chaste;
Virtue beams in Delia's eyes.

The maiden sure came from above,
To fill the heart of man with love.
Of Delia's charms the power I feel;
She 'tis my wounded heart must heal.
Like the graces, she is kind;
Like them, she is gay and free;
Like them, she's to good inclin'd;
I in her all virtue see.

PETER JOSEPH BONE.

A NIGHT THOUGHT.

HARK! the echo strikes the trembling ear,
See Night's dim curtain wraps the dark'ning pole,
O'er Heaven's blue arch bright rolling worlds appear,
And rouse to solemn thought th' aspiring soul.

Oh! lead my steps beneath the moon's dim ray,
Where * * * * * * stands all desart and alone;
While from her ime-shook towers, the birds of prey
Sound thro' the night their long resounding moan.

Short is Ambition's gay deceitful dream,
Tho' wreaths of blooming laurel bind her brow;
Calm thought dispels the visionary scheme,
And Time's cold breath dissolves the with'ring bough.

Grandeur, away! more blest the simple swain,
Who on some mossy turf reclines his head,
Where the lone widow tells the night her pain,
Whilst eve, with dewy tears, embalms the dead;

Where lilies, screen'd from every ruder gale,
Court not the cultur'd spot where roses spring,
But blow neglected in the peaceful vale,
And scent the zephyr's balmy breathing wing.

The busts of grandeur, and the pomp of power,
Can these bid sorrow's gushing tears subside?
Can these avail in that tremendous hour,
When Death's cold hand congeals the purple tide?

Ah, no! the mighty names are heard no more;
Pride's thought sublime, and beauty's kindling bloom,
Serve but to sport one flying moment o'er,
And swell with pompous verse th' escutcheon'd tomb.

May no rude passion e'er my soul invade,
Nor be the wings of tow'ring Frenzy given;
Let wealth ne'er court me from the peaceful shade,
Where Contemplation wings the soul to heaven.

Oh, guard me safe from Joy's enticing snares;
From each extreme which Pleasure tries to hide;
The poison'd breath of slow-consuming Care;
The noise of Folly, and the dreams of Pride.

So, when the transient scene of life is fled,
May some sad friend recal the former years;
Then, stretch'd in silence on my dusty bed,
Pour the warm gush of sympathetic tears.

LAVINIA SOPHIA C——

Hertford.

TO MISS B——

AGAIN, ye happy times! return,
When all was blithe and chearly;
When through the grove I us'd to rove
With her I lov'd so dearly;

When thro' the wood we careless stray'd,
Or Barley Brook stream winding;
Or o'er the lawn, at early dawn,
The nut or mushroom finding.

When to her hand I've bent the bough,
With ruddy clusters teeming,
How sweet the joy, to see her eye
With lively pleasure beaming!

Or when, perchance, beneath the grass
The mushroom meek espying,
My breast would thrill with rapture still,
To point where it was lying.

And as we tript, she'd note the lark
And linnet, shrilly singing;
And stop to hear where Flora near
Her odours round were flinging.

And if I mark'd a fav'rite bank,
She pleas'd would sit upon it,
And flow'rets chuse of brightest hues,
And with them deck her bonnet.

Dear, happy times! once more return,
Again to meet her daily;
Again to rest upon her breast,
And smile upon her gaily.

Alas! no more will they return,
And she is gone for ever;
No more her smile will e'er beguile
The lagging hours; ah! never!

Liverpool. U.

EXTEMPORE

On reading of the Marriage of Miss CHIPPS *to Mr.* BLOCK.

BY DR. PERFECT.

SPORTIVE the Muse in waggish frolic trips,
Sings not of *Blocks* converted into *Chipps*,
But careless whom her wanton flight shall mock,
Reports of *Chipps* converted to a *Block*.

ON

ON AN AUTUMNAL EVENING.

A PASTORAL SKETCH,

BY DR. PERFECT.

THE sigh of my Muse would you hear,
In numbers that flow from my heart,
While faint in its progress, the year
Already's diminish'd in part;
The joys of the sportsman, my friend,
When thunders the gun in the vale,
Too much with calamity blend,
My sorrows to lessen or heal.

While shade over shade deepens down,
And leaves a fresh carpet supply,
The groves, ruffled into a frown,
Look ragged and bare to the eye.
What tho' the soft pencil of sweets
No longer enamels our walk,
Supplies not umbrageous retreats,
Attracting convivial talk,

Thy mind, with sincerity deck'd,
Shall soften my bosom of toil,
My narrative hear with respect,
Myself to myself reconcile.
Although the dun swallows retire,
Abscond from our leaf-shedding glades,
The beauties of Eve we'll admire,
And traverse her far-spreading shades.

Give scope to the picturesque lay
While *Nature autumnal* commands,
Rejoice in the year's latest ray,
That beams o'er the brown-man seed lands,
The season when, Delia, we stray'd
To Colin's beneficent dome,
Where Charity, soul-chearing maid,
To Affliction was ever at home.

Mankind thy most general friend,
Sweet seraph of lineage divine,
We saw thee thy Colin attend,
His heart with thy own to entwine;
By Colin the goddess caress'd,
Bade tears of distress cease to flow;
The pangs of despair were suppress'd,
Tho' fixt by some despot of woe.

Through

Through Colin she look'd more serene,
  Her feelings were Charity's too;
Mild, gentle, unclouded of mien,
  And bright as Aurora's first dew.

How meek is the eve! let us steal
  From all the insensible crowd,
Who know not the pleasure *to feel*—
  Too sordid! too rich! or too proud!
Autumnus presents us a bower,
  As yet sav'd from Nature's decay,
In friendship to pass the still hour,
  And yield to Affection's soft sway.

The virgin less bright than thyself,
  Irradiates the fast-flowing week;
My views are not bounded by pelf,
  Let Delia refrain not to speak;
Say Sadness ne'er enter'd the grove,
  Thin clad in the stole of distress,
But Corydon chearfully strove
  To render anxiety less.

Yet, though unambitious of praise,
  From want did he never recede,
Or covet the garland of bays,
  But friendship allow'd of the meed;
Yet would you believe it, you swains,
  That Gratitude lagg'd in return?
Ye fair, who resort to our plains,
  And scorn at good-nature to spurn,

You know that when Dorcas applied,
  O'erwhelm'd with affliction acute,
Compassion, untainted with pride,
  Consider'd, and soften'd his suit;
And witness, pale moon, with thy light,
  Where swims in soft silver thy mien,
Autumnus's stores to invite,
  On wains to the barn on the green;

Did Friendship to Dorcas reply,
  Yet lulls not his breast to repose,
Upbraiding with insolent eye,
  Exult in his heart-rending woes?
No! scarce had the sun in the west
  Swept down the broad path of the day,
When Corydon found the distress'd,
  His brotherly love to display.

Ingratitude,

Ingratitude, sprang you from this?
  Did sharp-tooth'd Unkindness proceed,
Yet ne'er can that heart feel amiss,
  When Charity sanctions the deed.
How oft shall Vivacity say,
  The child that's been nurtur'd with care,
Forgets parent Love to repay,
  To whom kind return would be dear?

But whither, my Muse, would you rove,
  The Evening of Autumn your song?
To Providence tender your love,
  For Providence never acts wrong.
To bear with ingratitude learn,
  For acts in themselves their reward
Self-applause the most splendid return,
  Religion and Peace can record.

REFLECTION

On walking by the New River in Green-Bonnet-Walk, Cheshunt.

I.

FLOW gently on! ye smooth transparent streams,
  Disturb'd by no rough winds or rugged shores;
No careful angler here, with guileful schemes,
Watches, with eager eye, the surface gleams,
  To rob the limpid element of its light finny stores.

II.

Yes! you may sport! while circling eddies show
  Where in the crystal flood it is you play;
Like youth, too oft, who in gay circuit go,
Till dire Misfortune points some fatal blow,
  To damp th' elated thought, and check their giddy way.

III.

For none is here who would your peace destroy,
  Or wish to fix you on the barbed hook;
Mean is th' attempt, and small the inward joy,
Poor the reward, and cruel the employ,
  Of those who with th' alluring bait stand angling o'er the brook.

IV.

Think ye, who sport in Pleasure's gayest train,
  (For you, like these, oft catch the tempting bait
Held by Deceit,) how small, alas! the gain,
While hidden lies—a hook to strike with pain;
  Then, when we feel the smart—repentance comes too late.

August 6th, 1803. THOMAS BIRD.

ON THE DEATH OF AN ONLY CHILD.

CAN mortal solace ever raise
The broken pillar of my days?
Or fate restore a form so dear,
As that which lies unconscious here?
Ah, no, my Darco, latest given,
And last reclaimed gift of Heaven;
Possessing thee, I yet could bless
One lingering beam of happiness.
My lov'd, my lost, my only care,
I vainly thought with thee to share
Thy heart's discourse, so gently kind,
And mould to worth thy pliant mind.
Nor, warn'd of all my future woe,
Presum'd on happiness below;
But, losing thee, my blooming boy,
I cannot lose another joy;
For all that stay'd my earthly trust,
With thee is buried in the dust.
Nine little years had fraught with grace
Thy sprightly soul, and lovely face,
Where harshness had not planted fear,
Nor sorrow wrung one silent tear;
But frank and warm my Darco flew,
To share each welcome and adieu,
Each word, and walk, and look to tend,
My child, my scholar, and my friend.
Oh, when his gaily smiling talk
Endear'd my sweet and summer walk,
Or when I sat, at day's decline,
And clasp'd his little hand in mine,
How many woes were then forgot,
How blissful seem'd his father's lot!
And breathing love, my bosom said,
Thus on a dying couch when laid,
Thus shall I bid thee, darling, stand,
And grasp thee with my failing hand.
Cold, cold, thou pledge of future charms,
Like her who gave thee to my arms.
My buried hopes, your grave is one,
And Mary sleeps beside her son.
Now hush, my heart; afflicting Heaven,
Thy will be done—thy solace given;
For mortal arm can never raise
The broken pillar of my days:
Nor earth restore a form so dear
As that lov'd dust that slumbers here.

Morgan's-Lane,
20th July, 1803.

W. B.

Found in the ASSEMBLY ROOMS *at* MARGATE, *where no* LADIES *in* HABITS *are admitted.*

YE fair ones, attend to the rule here laid down;
No ladies in *habits* can stay—
Though by the same rule, 'tis pretty well known,
That ladies *unhabited*—may.

Yet to you, favour'd fair ones—made free of the place,
Whose dress—scarce a charm seems to hide,
Though 'tis easily *seen through*—I'd say to your face,
'Tis a *habit* were best laid aside.

Laid aside! did I say? that were comical too;
For then you'd have no dress at all—
No matter for that—you might say, and speak true,
You had come from the Bath to the Ball!

W.

SOLUTION OF THE CHARADE

WHICH APPEARED IN OUR LAST.

Land-grave.

Correspondence, &c.

The "Cursory Thoughts" *of* Musiphilus *are, through the great pressure of our numerous Correspondents' favours, some of which ought to have been earlier attended to, unavoidably deferred till next Month for insertion, when they shall have a place; as shall likewise his* "Love."

Q's Address to Fashion *is received, and shall be early attended to.*

Sigma's Sonnet to War, *(that to* Peace, *we conceive, all the circumstances considered, had better* now *have been an* Invocation *for its* return,*)*—R. T. Olivant's Sonnet to a Friend,—*the* Stanzas *of* Carolus,—*the Production of* Isabella,—*and* Lavinia Sophia G—— *on* Contentment,—*shall be inserted in our next Number.*

T. B. *can certainly make his* Bethlem Hospital *more worthy our acceptance.* The Day-Lily of Selima's very young Friend *shall have a little corner soon.* T. Baldock's Irregular Ode *shall not be overlooked.*

BRITISH MUSEUM
OCT

Mrs. Knowles.

Published by Verner & Hood, Poultry, Nov.r 1st 1803.